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REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE draft Address, agreed to by the committee of the Austrian Reichsrath, in answer to the speech from the throne, shows that that body is by no means deficient in independence, or in clear perception of the wants and necessities of the empire. Its tone, although respectful, is frank and dignified; and it betrays an evident determination on their part to enlarge the boundaries of those constitutional privileges which they already enjoy. They express regret that constitutional action has not begun or has been interrupted in a large portion of the empire; and they dwell especially upon the necessity of terminating the state of siege in Galicia, and of speedily convoking the Hungarian and Croatian Diets. While alluding in terms of satisfaction to the triumphant result of the war in Slesvig-Holstein, they remind the Emperor that he has still to crown the work he has commenced, and has in co-operation with the German Confederation to assist the Duchies to their full rights in the succession question, and in the independent regulation of their affairs. Prussian assistance was no doubt valuable in the contest which has just terminated, but at present they think it of the highest importance that Austria should cultivate Federal relations towards the other states of the Germanic Confederation. They do not conceal their sense of the grave financial difficulties into which the empire is plunged, and they tell their sovereign very distinctly that the measures which his government propose are wholly inadequate to relieve their embarrassments. With regard to the ministerial proposition that they should consider the budget for 1866 immediately after settling that for 1865, they withhold any decided expression of opinion in a manner which hints—not very obscurely—their suspicions. Above all, they feel it their duty "clearly and decidedly to state" that the passing of the long-promised law on ministerial responsibility "forms one of the most urgent items in the completion of constitutional state institutions in Austria." It is obvious from this brief summary of the most important passages in the Address, that M. von Schmerling and his colleagues are not likely to pass through a session of undisturbed tranquillity. They will have not only to submit to a close examination of their foreign policy, but to prove to the representatives of Austria proper that everything has been done that was possible to conciliate the populations of the dependent kingdoms and provinces. We do not gather from the terms of the Address whether its framers would permit the ancient Hungarian Diet to meet, or whether the assembly of which they speak is merely the Diet as settled under the existing paper constitution. But at any rate their language indicates a conviction that the Government have not done their best to terminate a state of things which is attended

with the most serious consequences to the character and influence of the country. The demand for reduction in the military expenditure, and for the establishment of ministerial responsibility, are equally significant of the spirit which animates the deputies now assembled in Vienna. It remains to be seen whether they will maintain the position which their committee recommends them to assume, or whether they will be reduced to obedience or dismissed with contempt by some Austrian imitator of M. von Bismarck.

The differences between the German Powers with reference to the occupation of Holstein and Lauenburg are far from being composed. Indeed, the Diet, at the instance of Saxony and Bavaria, has taken up an attitude directly hostile to Prussia. For while the latter Power has fixed a period of five days for the evacuation of the Duchies by the Saxon and Hanoverian troops, the Diet has formally reserved to itself the decision of the question whether the Federal execution in Holstein is at an end, and has in the meantime directed General Hake not to abandon his position without further orders. It is needless to say that we have no confidence in the steadfastness of the minor German Powers. They have borne so much from the two great States, that there is a strong probability of their continuing to bear every fresh insult or injury to which they may be subjected. And if Austria and Prussia were still united, we have little doubt the other members of the Confederation would ultimately swallow the proposition of M. von Bismarck, that these two Powers should dispose of the territory they have conquered in the name of Germany. But Austria is at least hesitating in the policy of subserviency towards her Northern rival, which she has lately followed. Her statesmen seem to have discovered that Prussian support in Venetia and Hungary may be purchased at too high a price. Perhaps they flatter themselves that the necessary assistance may be procured from the Confederation on easier terms. At all events, the tone of the official press of Vienna indicates very clearly that it is the wish of Francis Joseph to re-assume his proper position as head and leader of the minor States. The Reichsrath is almost certain to pronounce decidedly in favour of this policy; and under these circumstances it is probable that M. von Bismarck may be compelled to relinquish for the present his schemes for the aggrandisement of Prussia. We trust, however, that after all this we shall hear no more, for some time at least, about an united Germany!

The Russian Government evidently finds that it has nothing more to dread either from Poland or from the friends of Poland. Having by the suppression of the last rebellion acquired full power to "do what it likes with its own," it is determined to use that power to the fullest extent in stamping out the embers of past, or stifling the

germs, of future troubles. The Roman Catholic priesthood, and especially the members of the monastic orders, have been notoriously active and powerful agents in keeping alive the spirit of nationality and resistance amongst their fellow-countrymen. The Russian Government has, however, hitherto hesitated to strike openly and directly at them, for fear of exciting the susceptibilities of France and Austria. But the Czar and his Ministers now feel quite certain that, do what they will, nothing need be feared from those Powers but the expression of a barren sympathy. They have accordingly resolved to suppress seventy-one monasteries and four convents which possess less than eight inmates, and thirty-nine others on account of their members having participated in the late revolt. Nor is this all; the establishments permitted to remain are forbidden to correspond with the presidents or generals of their orders, and thus—so far as the Russian Government can prevent it—the ecclesiastical organisation of the country is broken down in one of its most important parts. We are bound to admit that, in terms at least, this decree provides for the humane treatment of the expelled monks or nuns. Nor is it open to us in England to say anything against the suppression of monastic institutions which have grown dangerous to the State, or absorb too large a portion of its wealth. Nothing can be more trenchant than the measures which we ourselves adopted under such circumstances; nor have we hesitated to applaud a similar course of policy in Italy. There is, however, an obvious distinction between these cases and the one under consideration. In the former, the measures adopted were not, but in the latter they are—measures of proscription against the religion of the people. But it is of no use attempting to test the Russian policy in Poland by any standard of right or justice. The Poles will probably act most wisely by recognising in this last decree a proof of the inexorable resolution of their masters to omit nothing which may conduce to the perfect amalgamation of the conquered race with their conquerors. Can anything be said to remain to them but submission or exile?

The condition of affairs in Greece seems to be far from satisfactory. Neither the Ministers nor Count Sponneck command the confidence of the country, and it is of course impossible that their unpopularity should not in some degree be reflected upon the young King. Moreover they have unfortunately given the discontented a definite ground for suspicion if not alarm. It seems that the new constitution does not render it imperative to call the House of Representatives together until the 1st October, 1865; and it is supposed that the Royal advisers mean to take advantage of this provision, and to govern and collect taxes for nearly a whole year without the sanction or control of a Representative Assembly elected under the constitution actually in force. This is so clearly wrong, that it is quite surprising the probable effect of such an imputation should have escaped the attention of politicians of common sense. Already, we are told, the frequenters of Athenian coffee-houses are beginning to talk of representation and taxation, of the cause for which Hampden began the resistance to ship-money, and of the results of imposing taxation without the consent of the people in the case of the American colonies. We do not suppose that anything very serious will immediately result from this state of feeling. But it prolongs the revolutionary agitation of the country, and the unsettled condition of public opinion. And every week or month that this continues increases the difficulty of fixing the attention of the people or their representatives upon those practical measures and administrative reforms which are absolutely necessary to the prosperity of the country.

The news received from Mexico by the last mail is eminently favourable. The popularity of the Emperor and Empress seems steadily on the increase; and so far as we can make out there are now no opponents of the existing *régime* in the field. Juárez has vanished, no one knows or cares where; and on every side the tokens of returning confidence are visible. Of course, it will not do to presume too far on this flattering aspect of affairs. The Mexicans are at best an unstable and capricious race. They have been corrupted by a score of revolutions, and by a long succession of rapacious and unprincipled politicians. They may turn to-morrow against the idol they adore to-day. Still, so far as they go, present appearances are good; and it is satisfactory to observe that the Emperor seems determined to lose no time in taking measures for developing the natural resources of the country. There can be no doubt that this

is the best chance Mexico has ever had of gaining peace and prosperity. And under these circumstances we are not surprised that some dissatisfaction should be felt that England, whose interests are more deeply involved than those of any other nation, should be more tardy in recognising the Emperor Maximilian than France, Spain, Holland, Russia, Italy, and Switzerland. We cannot ourselves believe that the delay is owing to any fear of offending the Federal States, or any lingering distrust of France. But others may not consider the conduct of our Government to be equally free from the imputation of sinister motives.

Although Earl Russell's reply to the manifesto of the Confederate States is not open to any fair objection, it would probably have been more prudent to have left it unwritten. It is studiously impartial, and carries out completely the neutrality which it lays down as the policy of her Majesty's Government. But it contains phrases—such as the “so-called Confederate States,” and “the formerly united republic of North America”—at which both sides are certain to take offence. And unfortunately, when parties are under the influence of feelings and passions such as those which animate the American belligerents, each is apt to think only of what a neutral may say of itself, and forget altogether what has been said of its antagonist. It is a good general rule to say nothing when you cannot say anything that will be of the slightest use. That being emphatically the case in the present instance, the Foreign Secretary would have acted more wisely in confining himself to a simple acknowledgment of the paper transmitted to him by Messrs. Slidell, Mason, and Mann.

The military intelligence from America is almost a blank. It seems indeed to be now tolerably certain that Sherman has really evacuated Atlanta, after destroying the public buildings, manufactories, and the railways north and south. But on the point of his destination we are still as much in the dark as ever. While some accounts represent him as moving upon Charleston or Savannah, others inform us that he is marching into Alabama; while a third set point to a march upon Lynchburg. There is up to the time at which we write no means of discovering which, if any, of these statements is true. Grant has made no recent movement either before Petersburg or to the north of Richmond; and this continued inactivity on his part indicates pretty well the severity of his last repulse. It seems, however, to be generally believed that he will make at any rate one more effort before the close of the campaign. The armies in the Shenandoah valley still face each other, although here again there is the greatest uncertainty as to their precise position. According to one telegram Early, or whoever may be in command of the Confederates, holds the ground above Strasburg; but another contains a report that he had retreated up the valley. As, however, this report seems to be connected with some theory or rumour as to Sherman's movements, it cannot be considered as worthy of much confidence. Indeed it is put forward in a hesitating manner which shows that it had not even obtained the ready faith of the New York public. In Tennessee the Confederates have obtained considerable successes. Not only has Breckenridge defeated General Gilham at Bull's Gap, capturing 400 prisoners, six cannon, and all the Federal train, but if we may believe the Southern journals, General Forrest has achieved a still more important victory at Johnstonville. Allowing for some exaggeration in the statement that he had there destroyed or captured fourteen transports, four gun-boats, thirty-three cannon, and stores to the amount of 3,000,000 dollars, we can hardly doubt that he obtained a very substantial advantage—and one, moreover, of considerable strategic importance.

There is now no doubt that Mr. Lincoln has been elected President by an enormous majority of votes, in what may be described as the comparatively free Federal States. It seems to have been wholly unnecessary to resort to the imposition of illegal test oaths in Tennessee and elsewhere; for whatever might have been their decision the result would still have been the same. For the present it is clear that the peace party in the Northern States is in a decided minority. The people are not yet sated with blood, or convinced of the impossibility of restoring the Union by force. But it is also clear that under any circumstances, even in the case of the wildly improbable subjugation of the South, the old Union is gone for ever. A wish has grown up in the North for a strong central Government, with

which the existence of State rights as they are recognised by the constitution is wholly inconsistent. Defeated or triumphant, this section of the ancient Union is bent upon becoming a Nation as distinguished from a Federation of semi-independent republics. And whether it eventually hangs together, or is split asunder by differences arising between the East and West, there is little or no doubt that we shall for the future hear very little of those State rights which were so dear to the statesmen of the revolutionary war. That is a consideration of some importance for those who are sufficiently old-fashioned to think about "the balance of power." Not, indeed, that it is one of pressing urgency; for so far as human calculation can forecast events, there is every probability of at least another Presidential term being consumed in internecine strife. In the present temper of the North, it is impossible to say how far this is or is not advantageous to the general peace and tranquillity of the world.

THE FLIRTATIONS OF A NEWSPAPER OF QUALITY.

THE case of Mr. Serjeant Glover ought to be a warning to all newspaper editors who feel inclined to dally with foreign monarchs. Put not your trust in princes, nor in dukes neither, is an epitaph which deserves to be engraved upon the tomb of the *Morning Chronicle*. Mr. Serjeant Glover made but a sorry show last Saturday before the Lord Chief Justice and a Westminster special jury. Early in the case his counsel, owing to the faultiness of the Serjeant's instructions, managed to plunge himself in a morass, out of which he never emerged. With inconceivable folly, Serjeant Glover had omitted from Serjeant Parry's copy an awkward passage in a letter which was to be found in the original at length, and which completely exculpated the French Government from all liability up to the date of May, 1857. It seems odd that a literary man who professes to be himself a lawyer should have taken the trouble to get up an expensive case, only to damn it the moment it came into court by so extravagant a piece of carelessness. The certainty of the exposure which such a proceeding must draw down is perhaps the best proof that Serjeant Glover's omission—strange as it may seem—was only grossly negligent. No man in his senses, however indifferently honest, would be so rash as to mutilate a document the whole of which must, of necessity, be in the hands of the opposite attorney. But sincere as may be such stupidity, the effect produced upon the minds of a jury is as damaging, under such circumstances, as if fraud and chicanery had lain beneath. It takes a great deal of ability on the part of an advocate, and much intrinsic virtue in a case, to retrieve the fatal slip. A memory which can forget so strange a dissimilarity between the draught of an epistle and the epistle itself, as actually sent, is scarcely trustworthy enough to win, without much difficulty, the confidence of impartial observers. Better causes before now have been destroyed by less mistakes. Before Mr. Serjeant Glover went into the box his lawsuit was virtually at an end, and in consenting to terminate the cause by an amicable arrangement, his counsel made the best of a very hopeless and desperate affair.

The question whether or no the French Government was willing to tamper with the virtue of an English newspaper is not so easily dismissed. Mr. Bovill intimated that down to 1860 Serjeant Glover went on acknowledging that he had no legal claims upon the Emperor or the Duke de Persigny. Even if the *ex parte* assertion of an advocate be taken as strictly proved, it still is possible that such acknowledgments may have been extorted from Serjeant Glover by the French executive as an ostentatious preliminary to a promised settlement. Nothing would be more simple or more common than such a plan. The unfortunate Serjeant would, of course, eagerly sign anything in hopes of bringing his illustrious debtors to account; little calculating on the ultimate effect of any such admissions. When all is said that can be said against him, it still is clear that Serjeant Glover was allowed by the French executive to sell himself. He may have sold himself for nothing; but sell himself he did; and the reluctance of those who bought him to pay more than they are legally compelled, is far from proving that no moral sale took place. It is true that one ought not to come to a strong conclusion one way or another upon a fragment of the plaintiff's evidence, or from his counsel's opening speech. But the French Government, through Mr. Bovill, supplied a piece of proof that is enough for our purpose. They had at least received and kept Serjeant Glover's communications. The original paper, of which Mr. Serjeant Parry possessed but a curtailed copy, was

produced from Paris; and after its production there can be little doubt but that the Duke de Persigny or his agents had been in treaty with the proprietors of the *Morning Chronicle*. Indeed, the whole history of the *Morning Chronicle* in its later years renders such proof superfluous. There is no mistaking the dress of the literary courtesan. That its virtue had become marketable in January, 1857, and marketable to a French bidder, was always obvious. Who the bidder must have been may be a matter of judicial doubt, but in the eyes of all men of sense is a matter of no doubt at all. The *Morning Chronicle* has never had any hesitation in swearing to the identity of its seducer, and popular as is the Imperial dynasty of France, there are perhaps not many opulent Frenchmen, totally unconnected with the Tuileries, who would spend large sums of money in converting a second-rate English journal to the cause of the Second Empire. The *à priori* evidence, accordingly, is all upon one side. It is most improbable that the *Morning Chronicle*, like an excellent lady whose name has recently been dragged into the Divorce Court, should have gone on for six long years under an erroneous idea that its virtue had been assailed. If Serjeant Glover is to be believed on oath—and we really see no reason why he should not—he had more than one interview with the Duke de Persigny to settle terms of service. The Duke on these occasions nominated M. St. André to act for him in the capacity of agent. Nor was the Duke de Persigny the only Minister who took an interest in Serjeant Glover's affairs. M. Billault recognised, if not his claims, at all events his labours, and agreed to assist him towards an important concession from the Administration of the day. Lastly, Serjeant Glover affirms that he saw and spoke to a still greater personage in April, 1857. He had, he says, the honour of an interview with the monarch who directs the destinies of France. The Emperor—so Serjeant Glover swears—received him with courtesy and kindness. He thanked the Serjeant for the mode and manner in which the *Morning Chronicle* had acted, and asked what he could do for him in return. The Serjeant—who seems to have had no scruples in avowing that the *Morning Chronicle's* favours were venal—replied promptly, "a telegraphic concession." If all this is true, the *Morning Chronicle* may not have disposed of itself for money, but at least it is difficult to maintain that it did not dispose of itself for expectations. The debt was allowed to become a debt of honour, instead of a debt recoverable at law. The difference is an important one, as the French Government has shown. In spite of the generous intentions of the Emperor and M. Billault, Serjeant Glover has got nothing in the end, and Serjeant Glover is less fortunate than his French compeers. The *Constitutionnel* and the *Presse* sell themselves as freely, but they take care to make better bargains. We cannot, however, regret that the proprietors of the *Morning Chronicle* have not been as prosperous or as munificently rewarded. That venality should go in one instance unsalaried is the best guarantee that we shall not have many more Serjeant Glovers. Hereafter, few leading articles will probably be written at the French embassy, and Imperialism will content itself with what it can secure in the great Parisian market.

One singular item in Serjeant Glover's claim will perhaps be sufficient to convince foreigners that a traffic in the honour of journalists is not likely to succeed in England. Among other particulars, Serjeant Glover claimed to recover damages "for the loss sustained in the depreciated value of the newspapers in question" by reason of their French proclivities. Such an item is the homage which venality pays to virtue. The Imperial patronage for which the *Morning Chronicle* did so much was a weight greater than it could carry. The editorial vessel sank under the load. Too late Serjeant Glover discovered that a journal, if it desires a position, must be above suspicion and reproach. An intrigue is fatal to its reputation, and to its circulation too. The honour of a woman, of a member of Parliament, and of a newspaper are three things that will not bear blackening. In these commercial days it is well to have this truth flaunted before men's eyes. More than one Parliamentary celebrity like the *Morning Chronicle* has brought contempt upon himself by endeavouring to serve two countries, and there are several names that will go down to posterity side by side with that of Mr. Serjeant Glover.

SWAMPING THE REPRESENTATION.

In language less glowing, but with a practical knowledge more full and innate, Sir James Kaye Shuttleworth has this week followed Mr. Gladstone in describing the moral progress of Lancashire. The picture he drew was the more striking

because he was able to fill it up with a mass of detail, all tending to throw into stronger relief the difference between the present and the past. Going back half a century, he recalled the times when grouse and red deer were the occupants of what is now a country populous with thriving towns, and when the sparse villages were the home of a race as wild as the scenes in which they dwelt. He reminded his hearers of the ferocious "up-and-down fights" which were then customary, of the bull-baitings and dog-fights which were the favourite amusement, and of the faction battles between villages in which Lancashire could then rival Ireland. Coming down a quarter of a century, to the period when the factory system had been fairly established, he had still to speak of the utterly illiterate character of the operatives, of the rare occurrence of church or school in the new-built villages, of the frequency of strikes, attended, then, with mill-burning and machine-breaking, of the open disloyalty, and the secret drillings and pike-makings anticipatory of the opportunity for an armed rising in rebellion. Such a state of society needs but to be described to be recognised as a thing wholly of the past, and of which not a trace is now visible. Comfort, decency, morality, respect for law and for social institutions, have taken the place of defiant and irreverent barbarism. A class once alien and hostile has become one with the rest of the community in sentiment, motive, and objects. So strange and happy a revolution Sir James rightly declines to attribute to any solitary cause. It is the result of all the influences by which true civilization is promoted—the church and the school, the sympathy of fellow-men, the dealing of equal justice, the acknowledgment of equal rights. These good seeds have borne their certain fruit, and the genuine character of the growth has been tried and affirmed by the test of seasons, as well of sunshine as of storm.

Testimony such as this, accumulating on every hand, and coinciding from every district, of a social change so marvellous and widespread, establishes the public conviction that a modification of our political institutions must inevitably follow. It demonstrates, moreover, that the extension of the basis of government, which party tactics have happened to delay, but which, as we showed last week, party tactics will next year inevitably hurry forward, must be a large and real measure. Where so great a section of the population has been acknowledged to be on a par, as regards all the qualities which are needful for self-government, with the small section by which they are at present governed, it will be found impossible to draw any line which will admit a small proportion while still excluding the majority of those who are thus qualified. It must be invidious, and it cannot fail to produce discontent, if, where a great body of the population is confessed to deserve equality of political rights, a small solitary fraction of that body is alone allowed to receive them. But it must be admitted that this is a view of the future which, while it is accepted by all as true, is watched by many with feelings of grave disquiet. They tremble at the consequences of a step so important and so radical. They fear lest so large a body of their fellow-citizens, newly admitted to the political arena, should walk in other ways than those of our forefathers, should reverse our national policy, and embrace the opportunity of working the engine of government to their own peculiar profit. This apprehension is expressed generally in the phrase that there is danger of the upper classes being swamped by the lower. Everyone will recognise in this form of speech the argument which is most frequently put forward, and which, publicly and privately, carries most weight in the minds of those who are still opposed to an enlargement of the franchise, while it undoubtedly exercises no little influence even with those who are in favour, on other grounds, of such a measure. Therefore it deserves our examination, that we may ascertain what is its real meaning, and judge how far it is well founded.

It is obvious at once that the proposition involves a double assertion. It implies, firstly, that the lower classes will on all, or on some, important questions tend to act wrongly; and, secondly, that on such questions they will act unitedly. If they should act rightly, there will, of course, be no danger. If, on the other hand, they should be divided, so that one part only adopted a wrong course, then it is clear that they could not swamp the upper classes, for these would remain the arbiters. But since this is the case, we are bound to inquire what are the questions on which the whole body of the lower classes might unite in a wrong policy. It is usually suggested that these are questions of taxation or of property, the broad distinction being taken that the upper classes have property and the lower have not. But as soon as we examine this distinction we see that it is, for the purpose required, so inaccurate as to be valueless. Possession of property is not a positive, it

is a comparative distinction. All the better part of the working classes have some property, more or less; and though it be less, it is of value to them as great as the income of a Rothschild is to him. Little or much, it is their all, the savings of their toil, the materials of their advancement, the provision for their families. They can have no sentiment against property in the abstract, for it is that which they hold, and that to which they aspire. We must, therefore, still further narrow the sphere of their presumed injurious tendency, and consider it as directed against the holders of a large amount of property. Here we find that the only way in which such an inclination could operate would be to increase the Income-tax to relieve the pressure of indirect taxation. But even in this respect the range of possibility is limited. The great bulk of indirect taxation is at present raised from spirits and tobacco, and nothing is more certain than that the majority of the intelligent working men would be opposed to augmenting a tax on trade for the purpose of cheapening these articles. There has never been an agitation for such an object; it is never put to a Parliamentary candidate as one for which his support is desired. On the contrary, the agitation for prohibiting the consumption of such articles derives its strength from the adhesion of a section of the working men. So the sole articles on which they could operate would be tea, coffee, and sugar.

Now it certainly is a very fair and open question, whether taxation ought not to be so adjusted as to admit these articles duty free. It is one which divides the upper classes, and on which, therefore, they could in no sense be said to be swamped if the decision were carried by the votes of the lower classes. And it is also fair to recollect that the lower classes have never made, as a body, any demonstration against even these duties; no such demonstration, for instance, as that which the commercial classes have made against Schedule D of the Income-tax, or as the landlords and farmers have made against the Malt-tax. Thus far, therefore, there is no justification in reason or experience for the charge that the working classes would be inclined to go wrong as a body in matters affecting taxation. Nor is the allegation that they would be reckless of peace and war, if they could carry on war by simply raising the Income-tax, less chimerical. They are, indeed, not regardless of the honour and duty of the country, whatever cost their maintenance may impose. But the argument for economy of administration and general reduction of taxation has always found its chief support among the lower classes. And the reason is obvious. They are the very first to feel the cruel consequences of any restraint on commerce. The employer of labour suffers a diminution of profits, which leaves him still a margin; but the labourer suffers a diminution of employment, which starves him and his family. All forms of taxation and fiscal burden strike downwards, till they reach that class which has none lower on which it can lay part of its load. Every penny of Income-tax diminishes the fund out of which wages are paid, and its exaction is instantly felt by those whose wages are lowered and whose work is cut off.

Such considerations as these, which might easily be extended, are calculated to reassure thinking men. They prove that the working classes have no interest opposed to those of the upper classes, and that they know it. And we think that in this question the experience of the absence of any lower class agitation for such objects is conclusive of what their course would be were they invested with a recognised political status; for it is part of their opponents' case that they are easily stirred up to agitate. If, then, they have never in modern experience agitated for any unfair measure respecting property or respecting taxation, what ground for apprehension is there that if they had power they would adopt such measures? If they have hitherto been able to see that they would not really be gainers by them, what ground is there to expect that they will hereafter try to put them in force? On the contrary, there would be additional influences at work to keep them in the right path. All such questions are every day more fully discussed, their true operation is becoming better understood, and sound knowledge and arguments respecting them are more and more disseminated among the sources of information available to the humblest. When these classes feel that they have real power in the decision, can there be doubt that they will take more interest in the true solution of such questions? When they feel that they are invested with responsibility, can there be doubt that they will be still more careful and still more cautious? On all minds—and, happily, pre-eminently on English minds—the sense of responsibility exercises a salutary influence, and none can doubt its effect on the minds of men so candid and honest as English working men have lately proved themselves to be.

But while it is thus clear that no question looms before us

on which the lower classes would be likely as a body to be swayed by fancied interest in a wrong direction, we may ask whether the second necessary branch of the proposition, that they will, on any question at all, have a united action, is better based. Now, of course, it is quite true that there is on nearly every question only one right course, and therefore we may say that all classes and all men ought to unite in that course. But it happens that men disagree, in the fair exercise of opinion, on what is the right course, and doubtless to the end of mortal time they will disagree. What, then, is to lead the working classes alone to agree among themselves upon any point, so as to "swamp the upper classes?" We have seen that they have no community of interest to produce this effect, and certainly they have as little uniformity of intellect. They differ among themselves as much as any other class does. Go amongst them and discuss with them the questions of the day, and as much, if not more, variance of opinion on all political and social questions will be found as exhibits itself in Parliament, or at a Social Science Congress. For after all, and this is the main point to be kept in view by all who contemplate with dread their coming admission to power, they are men, not flocks. A great source of all the errors regarding them is the effect on the mind of that one word, the "masses." It teaches us insensibly to look on them as a compact indivisible body, whose brute force is guided by one will, and informed by one intelligence. But if we will only exercise our reason, we shall discover that there is no such unity, and consequently no such force. The new infusion into the representation will bring no new characteristics. It will add a certain number of individual men to each constituency, who will be guided by the same intelligence, actuated by the same motives, broken up by the same diversity of opinions as the existing members of the constituencies, who will in some quarters add to the Liberal, in others to the Conservative majorities, but who will most certainly not revive the distinctive party of Chartism, which in its palmiest days never embraced the whole of the working men, and which has vanished altogether under the influence of better education and the fairer treatment on our own generation.

M. DE PERSIGNY'S LETTER.

THE invitation which summons M. de Persigny to Compiègne has come too late to prevent a triumph of the Liberal party in Paris at his expense. What evil genius tempted the Duke to commit himself to a pen and paper controversy with M. Emile de Girardin, it is almost impossible to say. M. de Girardin is a controversialist of much experience, and the Duke is a simple-minded and honest believer in the Second Empire. Simple-minded believers in an Emperor ought not to condescend to argue with newspaper editors. The Duke de Persigny has had so much to do with the browbeating of editors in his day, that he has begun most innocently to underrate them. He forgets that it is the Minister whom they fear rather than the man. Jupiter divested of his terrors is still a person of distinction, but without his thunderbolt is a logician of little consequence. The only person in Paris who is unaware that M. de Girardin is too clever for the Duc de Persigny is probably the Duc de Persigny himself. Compiègne, however, is not ignorant of the fact, and the Duke will return from the festivities to which he is summoned a more cautious man. The political importance of the dictum to which he has given utterance in his correspondence with M. de Girardin would be greater if it were not that the Emperor himself has never professed to regard the coercion of the press as other than a temporary and lamentable necessity. He looks forward—and when an Emperor looks forward all his followers look forward too—to a time when it will be unnecessary to strangle the Press any longer. The Press, perhaps, by that time will be dead. The fact, however, that killing will therefore be unnecessary does not detract from the ostentatious benevolence of his intentions. All Paris would be shocked if it were asked to disbelieve that, sooner or later, the Paris journals will have their chains struck off. M. de Persigny has certainly been awkward. He has seemed to side with turbulent opponents of the present paternal system, even if, in reality, he has done nothing of the kind. But he has only at most proposed to hurry matters a little too soon. It is the ordinary fault of gentlemen who are out of office. When M. de Persigny had his hands full, and was responsible for the admirable behaviour of the literary men of France, he was less enthusiastic about giving them to ruin. Circumstances have converted him into a sort of Imperial Whig. It is, perhaps, natural that such a transformation should be taking place, but doubtless Napoleon III.

thinks it would have been as well if M. de Persigny had said less about it to M. Emile de Girardin.

How far M. de Persigny's mature reflections about the liberty of the press are likely to be permanent is one thing. No one suspects that M. de Persigny—like so many parasites of the Imperial Court—is a dishonest man. He has given proofs of his friendship to his master in that master's hours of adversity as well as sunshine. But human nature in Opposition never is quite the same as human nature in office. In Opposition, it has a riper and mellowed and softer touch. A bramble in a Ministerial bureau becomes the smoothest of the trees when transplanted to the Opposite benches; and, without presuming to suspect M. de Persigny's sincerity, we may candidly reflect that he sees less keenly now the danger of a free press than when it was his daily duty to correct it. If he went back to office, nervousness might again grow upon him. Even M. Emile de Girardin might be received less amiably. Certainly, it may be questioned whether the Duke's conversion is of so radical a kind as to prevent him accepting office again, were it offered him to-morrow. The last thing that his Liberal professions indicate is a settled change in the Imperial purposes. The Emperor does not easily change. He is not subject, like the Duc de Persigny, to fits of Liberal sentimentalism, after reading English history. He holds on with tenacity to his fixed resolve; and there are not many symptoms that freedom of the press forms any part of the programme laid down by his Imperial Majesty for the next few years.

How far, if M. de Persigny's intentions were even permanent, they could be said to be prudent too, would only be still more doubtful. It is by no means certain that Imperialism has taken such hold upon the French nation as to be able to bear up against the tornado of opposition that would be directed upon it if all its natural and vindictive enemies were allowed to speak their minds. The Empire has done too much harm to the literary classes to be easily forgiven. Imperial penitence or Imperial reform would not altogether undo the past. War only is possible between Louis Napoleon and the journalists and writers of the old régimes; and if he took off his iron hand from their shoulders, their first effort would be to turn and strike him down. This the Emperor Napoleon knows, though the Duc de Persigny, in the enthusiasm and exaltation of a literary moment, chooses to forget it. Nor is it easy to see how the freedom of the press is consistent with a despotic and centralizing government. It may be that public opinion is mistaken on the subject. At least, it has been hitherto considered as an axiom of politics that free opinion and free criticism are fatal to a military tyranny. The term is not too harsh to use of the Second Empire. The Empire has been of some political service to the cause of Liberalism in Europe. We cannot on that account forget that it is a tyranny at home. If the right of unlimited criticism can be tolerated by any Imperial Administration, the Empire is stronger in France than its best friends generally imagine.

WHIST, ITS LAWS AND LENGTH.

WHIST, the best and most amusing of domestic games, and with one exception the most intellectual, promises to be in force this winter. The dear Mrs. Sarah Battle, of Elia's Essays, whose toast was "A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game," must have been often distressed by the want of an authoritative code of laws for whist. Successive improvements have rendered Hoyle obsolete, and individual writers on the game have been deficient in the prestige necessary to command allegiance to their respective codes. The result has been that different whist-rooms recognise various authorities, and that club committees, when appealed to by players to decide knotty points, have keenly felt the want of a standard text-book. This want is now supplied. A code of laws for whist was drawn up by a Committee of the Arlington Club, which may share with the Portland the honour of being the highest whist club in the kingdom. Mr. Clay, M.P. for Hull, one of our finest whist-players, was chairman of the committee, which included Mr. G. Bentinck, M.P., Mr. Bushe, Mr. C. Greville, Mr. Knightley, M.P., Mr. H. B. Mayne, Mr. G. Payne, and Colonel Pipon. The committee, having prepared a Code of Laws, sent it to the Portland Club, which appointed a Whist Committee to consider the matter. Their suggestions and additions were immediately accepted by the Arlington, and the latter club, under the presidency of the Duke of Beaufort, unanimously resolved to adopt the revised code, as edited by Mr. John Loraine Baldwin. This code, since adopted at the Portland, Carlton, Reform, Conservative, Army and Navy, Arthur's, Boodle's, Brookes's, White's, and other leading

clubs, has now been published. The whist world has thus had conferred upon it the inestimable boon of an authoritative code, and the leading players of the various clubs need no longer be pestered by the disputes and doubtful points which have been of late constantly referred to them.

There is only one drawback to the satisfaction which this announcement is calculated to impart. The new code gives us the laws of Short Whist, while Mrs. Sarah Battle certainly played Long Whist. It is believed still to linger among her descendants, and but for the authoritative tone in which Long Whist is pooh-poohed in the new treatise, we should have been disposed to assert that the old game, out of London, is played in four families out of five. Mr. Baldwin, on the contrary, assures us that "the supremacy of Short Whist is an acknowledged fact." Mr. Clay more roundly declares:—"It is enough for me that the old game is dead and the modern in full vigour." Yet, Short Whist, he tells us, had but a hasty and accidental origin:—

"Some eighty years back, Lord Peterborough having one night lost a large sum of money, the friends with whom he was playing proposed to make the game five points instead of ten, in order to give the loser a chance, at a quicker game, of recovering his loss. The new game was found to be so lively, and money changed hands with such increased rapidity, that these gentlemen and their friends, all of them leading members of the clubs of the day, continued to play it. It became general in the clubs—thence was introduced to private houses—travelled into the country—went to Paris, and has long since so entirely superseded the whist of Hoyle's day, that of short whist alone I propose to treat."

Thus Short Whist had a gambling origin. It is still the whist of professional gamblers, of men who want excitement, and who love to play high. It has its convenience at the clubs, where the first four players who come into the card-room have a right to play the first rubber, and where it is necessary to limit the period during which the same players may occupy the tables. At the Portland and other clubs the players "cut out" after one rubber, the highest withdrawing to make room for those who are waiting their turn, only two "supernumeraries" being however admissible together. After the second rubber, the players who have been longest at the table withdraw by rotation. Long Whist would be insufferable under such circumstances, and Short Whist is especially convenient to those members of a club who are awaiting their turn to play.

Whether the old game does not require more skill than the new is a matter which Mr. Clay refuses to consider. Other partisans of Short Whist contend that it has a tendency to improve the play. The loss of a critical odd trick being oftener fatal in a score of five than of ten, a closer attention in playing to points is imposed than when the termination of the game is more distant. On the other hand, there is a greater margin for chance in the counting of honours in the short game. Mr. Clay admits that, "if the change had been carefully considered, the honours would have been cut in half as well as the points." When two partners, who, as in Short Whist, have only five points to make, happen to get four by honours in any one hand, they may win by pure luck in a single deal. Mr. Clay thinks that two by honours should count one point, and four by honours only two points. Short Whist would then, in his opinion, be perfect, yet the advantage of skill would, in that case, be so great as to limit considerably the number of players. An indifferent player has a better chance under this exorbitant scale for honours, and a fine player has, if he pleases, a speedier opportunity of escaping from a bad partner.

The points of difference between Long and Short Whist are after all soon described. At Long Whist ten points win; at Short Whist five. At Long Whist honours are not counted at the score of nine, but may be "called" at eight; at Short Whist honours are not counted at the score of four, and are never "called." In both games tricks count before honours, except only in the "call" at eight points in Long Whist. The advantage of the short game lies in the more forcible use that can be made of trumps. "Trumps," writes Carleton, editor of *Bohn's Handbook*, "should be your rifle company; use them liberally in your manoeuvres; have copious reference to them in finessing, to enable you to maintain a long suit." Another writer holds that "the peculiarities of the short game call for special appliances. This should act as stimulants to the player, and rouse his energy." Deschappelles, who has been called the French Hoyle without his science, makes the best defence of Short Whist:—"When we consider (he says) the social feelings it engenders, the pleasure and vivacity it promotes, and the advantages it offers to the less skilful player, we cannot help acknowledging that Short Whist is a decided

improvement upon the old game." Yet Mr. Carleton's separate treatment of Long and Short Whist is objected to by high authorities as absurd, on the ground that the precepts of both systems are essentially identical, and that whatever is useful and true at Long Whist is equally so at Short Whist.

Mr. Clay's masterly treatise on Short Whist should be in the hands of every whist player. He tells beginners the secret of the game. "Whist is a language, and every card played an intelligible sentence." He shows how, as the game goes on, each trick is full of information to the careful observers, so that by the time the hand is half played out, he arrives at a pretty accurate idea of the broad features of each hand, and "when but three or four cards remain to each player, he very frequently knows, almost to a card, where they are to be found." He does not advise the beginner to strain an unpractised memory by attempting to remember all the small cards, but to note the broad indications of the game, such as the different leads, whether strong or weak, the invitation to lead a trump, the cards thrown away when a player does not follow suit, &c. Physical weakness of memory is less frequently a cause of bad play than indifferent players suppose. A strict attention to the board (instead of poring over his own cards), will soon enable the beginner to remember the chief cards which have been played in each suit, and by whom. He next notes with whom the strength in each suit probably lies. When habitual practice is superadded to a knowledge of the principles of the game, memory and observation will become mechanical. It is not without reason, therefore, that "Cœlebs" and other writers assert that quickness of memory should be considered as the effect rather than the cause of good play.

A golden maxim in whist—that it is of more importance to inform your partner than to deceive your adversary—is strongly and forcibly insisted upon by Mr. Clay. The best whist-player he declares to be the man who plays the game in the simplest and most intelligible way. Such a man who never deceives you, enables you, when you are accustomed to his rules of procedure, to play, so to speak, and bring out his cards with almost the same knowledge that you have of your own hand. Mr. Clay, for these reasons, abhors the playing of "false cards," that is, when a higher card is unnecessarily played before a lower, without being intended for a "blue Peter." It is usually done to mystify an opponent, but it injures the whole scheme of a partner's game—causes him to miscount the numerical strength of all the players on all the suits—and to play, in short, as if blind-folded.

The whist-player is to be congratulated on the present literature of this fine game. The new Laws of Short Whist, and Mr. Clay's accompanying treatise on the game, give the learner not only the rules but also the principles of play, and the reasons upon which they are based. An anonymous but highly-qualified whist-player, under the *nom de plume* of "Cavendish," has made his essay most instructive to his young readers by giving a series of examples of hands played completely through—a plan long in use in treatises on chess. By means of these illustrations the principles which guide fine players are brought forcibly home and fixed in the memory. A third writer, "Cœlebs," a member of the Portland Club, gives us a hand-book, which some good judges prefer to all the other treatises extant. With these aids and guides to a knowledge of this fascinating and social game, beginners may soon become good players, and in time fine players.

Short Whist, it cannot be denied, has made a great "spurt," and promises to be in fashion this winter. There is great advantage in uniformity, and in having one common code of rules. Suppose, therefore, we all give Short Whist a trial, and see whether it is as superior in dash, brilliancy, and liveliness to the old game as its partisans at the Clubs would have us believe.

STEPMOTHERS.

An ingenious story in the *Cornhill Magazine* brings us back to an ancient theme which is not yet threadbare, though it is as old as Homer—the position of a stepmother among her stepchildren. The incongruity of this connection is a trite subject for satirists, and it has become the fashion among poets, both classical and modern, to lay the blame of all domestic embroglios that result from it upon the stepmother. It is a singular thing to see the literary world picking out a few inoffensive women in this way for its butt, and systematically insisting that any one who marries into a family where there are children already born is sure, sooner or later, to turn out a female fury. The continual repetition of the fiction ends by creating an impression that it rests upon the widest possible induction. If all prose writers of eminence, and all poets with

any pretensions to romance, affirm that stepmothers are, and always will be, female furies, the world begins to acquiesce at last in the suggestion, and to shake its head whenever a stepmother is mentioned. In reality, the idea obtains not so much because it is true or natural as because it is to be found in very celebrated writers, and therefore is assumed to be classical and correct. What Homer says, Virgil said after him, and Ovid intimates as well. What Homer, Virgil, and Ovid agree together in remarking, all Parnassus is sure to be anxious to proclaim at the top of its voice; every muse has something to say on the subject, and every improvisatore lays in a stock of epithets about it. Some half-savage wife, centuries on centuries ago, in a poem, who is described as unkind to her stepchildren, thus furnishes a weapon to all misogynists for ever; and the vices of Hippolyte are always being cast up by successive generations against young women who never heard her name. Virgil goes twice or three times out of his way to dwell upon the natural injustice and ferocity of the stepmother. Ovid, like Virgil, considered stepmothers the great poisoners of the age. No literary author, accordingly, of any grade or any date, goes by without picking up his stone to fling at the unfortunate stepmother, whose iniquities in the course of time become a recognised conventionality. The stepmother is condemned in the High Courts of Literature, from which there is no appeal, and is left for execution without hope of mercy.

It would not be very surprising if such unanimity on the part of all the literary world were to end by persuading stepmothers themselves of the dire inhumanity of their nature, and the untenable character of their position. To see herself condemned already upon literary grounds by every literary critic, and to be told that the exhibition of any gentle feminine qualities would be flying in the face of Virgil and of Ovid, must be a trial to a woman even of the best common sense. It is not every young lady in her honeymoon who has the courage to feel that Ovid in such matters must have been an ass. Still less does it perhaps occur to her to reflect that since the mythological age at which Ovid's classical heroines lived, or may be taken to have lived, the world has run a course of between two and three thousand years, and Belgravia and Tyburnia have little in common with the princesses of Thessaly, or the farmers' wives of Epirus. She does not know that all the calumny may be traced back to three or four old scandal-mongers of antiquity, and that the gossips of Homer's time are the original cause why her husband's maiden aunts pretend to pity the first wife's children with such unnecessary ostentation. It is curious to observe how the world creates false positions for itself. It seems to be the object of society and of cynical philosophers to render impossible any situation which happens to be only difficult, and to prevent success wherever there is reason to believe in the possibility of failure. Many relations in life that might be enduring and tolerable, are embittered by the cynical conclusions at which everyone around is ready at once to leap. Every story-book warns the stepchildren to beware of their second mother, and the stepmother to distrust her own instincts, till both parties dream themselves into thinking that it is not to be expected that they should live in happiness or peace. The clouds that overshadow our lives are usually the result of imagination. Herodotus tells us of an Egyptian king, who, desiring to experiment upon human nature in its rawest form, shut up together on a desert island two children before they had learnt to take notice or to speak. Whatever became of them, they probably lived, so long as they remained on the island, without ever knowing what it was to be in a false position. It is a pity that the philosophy of "false positions" cannot oftener be tested by so simple and cynical a method. "False positions" usually signify nothing worse than positions about which other people may say something disagreeable if they choose. The false position of a stepmother means only that female jealousy—when it exists—will poison all domestic happiness; and that women who marry a man who has been married before are likely to be jealous. The former portion of the remark is a mere truism. The second is a libel upon feminine nature. Of course, women are liable to jealousy, just as women are liable to scarlet fever; but there is no greater reason why a good woman should begin her married life by being jealous than why she should begin it by a severe attack of measles. On the contrary, the idea of motherless children is one peculiarly calculated to touch a feeling woman's heart. It is not easy to picture a conception more touching in itself, and probably none are so inclined to pity and cherish orphans as those who are, or are likely themselves to become, mothers. It is not very often that the material interests of the two sets of children clash. Such things happen in sensation novels, the authors

of which know a great deal more in general of second-rate romance, than they do of real life, or of law, or of marriage settlements. Nor is a father likely to be less fond of his younger family, because he cares also for his elder. With coarse and vulgar people such difficulties and jealousies always will occur. There are some women who when they marry show themselves jealous of everything and everybody upon the spot. They are jealous of their husband's friends. They are jealous of his relatives. They are jealous of all other women, and most other men. For the credit of human nature such people must be taken to be exceptions. Cultivated and generous women experience nothing of the kind; and marriage produces with them a crop not of fresh antipathies, but of fresh sympathies. All jealous wives have doubtless been torments in a minor way to their bosom friends, to their sisters, and to their acquaintances, long before they put on the marriage ring; and marriage has not changed their nature so much as given them a new soil whereon to sow the seeds of suspicion and uneasiness. If poets, when they chanted the wickedness of stepmothers, clearly gave the world to understand that they only meant to say that bad women will make bad stepmothers, no one could complain. The misfortune is, that they make a general rule which is only true with respect to the worse specimens of the sex. A bad woman will make a bad stepmother, just as she will be a bad aunt. But a good woman will be no worse a stepmother than she is a wife.

The chief harm done by the *cantilena* about stepmothers is the poison instilled into the minds of the children themselves. Children are naturally suspicious. Their acute perception leads them to notice every movement and look of those with whom they live; and it is part of their native sensitiveness and fancy to invent theories to account for phenomena which in reality proceed from the purest chance. Jealousy, indeed, is a childish, quite as much as it is a feminine foible; whatever jealousy accompanies the relation in question lying, perhaps, for the most part, on the children's side. The older the children are, the more tact and delicacy their temper and disposition will certainly require from the woman who has undertaken to supply to them a mother's place; but there is no awkwardness about discharging such duties, which is not surpassed by the other invariable difficulties of a married woman's life. For what awkwardness exists, the poets are to blame. A clever woman can, perhaps, laugh at Ovid's nonsense. But the nonsense creeps into a child's heart and a child's imagination twice as easily, and is twice as hard to eradicate when it has taken root. Every one who knows children, knows what trivial fancies have power to embitter their lives. That the lives of stepchildren are sometimes embittered is due less to the stepmother than to the unconscious malice of a score of relatives, who pretend to themselves not to be aware that every time they lift their eyebrows at the new wife's name, they are dropping venom into innocent and naturally loving hearts. The proof that the fault rests rather on this side than the other, is the fact that in circles where the stepchildren are young, there is rarely a shadow of a cloud. They never hear the ridiculous gossip of the poets and romancers till a long and happy store of experience has taught them to laugh at it. Were it not for the world without, they never would have dreamt till their lives were over of any necessary difference between a first and second mother. If such domestic histories were presented in a tale, the novelists might say that the histories were unnatural. That they should be less piquant than the fictions in which every one is at cross purposes, and in which every home is the theatre of internecine war, it is easy to conceive. But those who know life best know that the novelists would be wrong. Not only is it true that "such things are," but they "are" very much oftener than not. Real life is on the side of the stepmothers in such cases, and it is only fiction that is against them. It seems, however, to be the law that the stepmothers should be the invariable victims of literary fiction; and anecdotes of terrible stepmothers will never be ineffective so long as society is thoughtless, women sensitive, or children suspicious.

DAVID ROBERTS.

ART has scarcely recovered from the shock consequent on the death of John Leech when a fresh loss is announced. Mr. David Roberts, R.A., one of the most conspicuous and striking painters of the present day, if not one of the first in creative power, has expired suddenly in a fit of apoplexy. He was walking in Berners-street, Oxford-street, on the afternoon of Friday, the 25th ult., when he was observed to stagger and fall. He was just able to mention the name of the street in which he lived to some of the

bystanders, and in a state of insensibility was conveyed home. At seven o'clock in the evening he expired, the case having evidently been hopeless from the first. Mr. Roberts was sixty-eight years of age, and was a native of Edinburgh. He was a painter from his youth—but not in the sense in which we afterwards associated him with that word. The genius who, by the fine enchantment of his pencil and of his luminous colouring, brought before our eyes the austere beauty of the Holy Land, the hot sunshine and fierce storms of Egypt, and the magnificent proportions of French, Italian, Flemish, and Spanish cathedrals, was originally a house-painter in his native city. His parents were humble, and they gave their son a humble profession, from which his natural gifts elevated him to a conspicuous position among the artists of Europe. He practised for a time as a scene-painter to the Edinburgh theatres, and then, coming to London, worked in a similar capacity at the Surrey Theatre. Here his abilities were recognised by Mr. Alfred Bunn, then lessee of Drury Lane, where he was speedily engaged to paint in conjunction with Stanfield. The name which he made for himself in this way helped him to greater and more important achievements. He became a painter in oil of pictures designed to last,—not merely of those ephemeral scenes which, after serving a temporary purpose in connection with some new play or reproduction, are remorselessly washed over for some other drama, often to the destruction of an amount of artistic skill and beauty worthy of being perpetuated in some more abiding form. His first picture of any note was the "Departure of the Israelites from Egypt;" his first Academy picture was a view of Rouen Cathedral, exhibited in 1826. A series of sketches, engraved during four successive years in the "Landscape Annual," served to direct attention to his name, and he soon rose in public estimation. Spain next engaged his attention, and, having spent some time in the Peninsula, he produced several exquisite representations of the public buildings, towns, and rural scenes of that fascinating country. But it was by his magnificent views in the Holy Land, the engravings from which were published by Sir F. G. Moon, that his highest fame was made. They were issued between 1838 and 1840, and were accompanied by scarcely less striking letter-press from the pen of Dr. Croly. Some very splendid pictures representing cathedrals and churches in Venice and Milan were afterwards painted for the Royal Academy; and from that time to this he has been a frequent exhibitor. Even in the present year, two pictures of his were to be seen on the Royal Academy walls—the "Chapel in the Church at Dixmude, West Flanders," and the "Mausoleum of Augustus (the Castle of St. Angelo), from the Gardens of the Villa Barberini at Rome." The Vernon and Sheepshanks collections are rich in the productions of his easel; and of one of his pictures the *Morning Post*, in recording his death, and reproducing the facts of his life, relates a curious history:—

"It was the property of Mr. Hall-Standish, of Eshe Hall, Durham, who, piqued at being refused a baronetcy by Lord Melbourne, left all his splendid collection to King Louis Philippe, and this picture was one of the gems of the Louvre. The Emperor Napoleon III. restored this collection to the Orleans family, as being the King's private property, and this picture returned to England, and was sold at Christie's to an English gentleman."

From the same article we learn that Mr. Roberts was for many years regarded at the Garrick Club as the chief of the smoking-room, where he would arrive punctually at eight, and which he always left punctually at eleven. He was much esteemed by his friends for his companionable qualities, and for his liberality to fellow artists who stood in need of help; and his death, which, though it can scarcely be called premature, came earlier than might have been expected from his robust appearance, will leave a painful gap in the circles where he was a familiar and a cherished companion.

The style of composition to which Mr. Roberts chiefly devoted himself was not in itself designed for popularity. The public generally do not so much care for views of architectural creations, however grand, as for landscapes such as they can see in their own country or in the countries they ordinarily visit, for pictures of actual life, or for striking historical scenes where there is some strong point of human interest to awaken their emotions and fix their attention. But Roberts treated his "interiors" and "exteriors" with so masterly a touch, and invested them with such charms of light, air, and shadow, that even the uninitiated were attracted, while the more critical have assigned to their producer a place among British painters from which he is not likely to be cast out.

THE WRECK OF THE "STANLEY."

WE have fearful stories from our seaports. Wreck upon wreck—men and women swept from the decks of stranded

vessels, drowning within a stone's-throw of the shore; others dropping into the sea from the rigging to which they had clung for hours paralyzed with cold and faint with exhaustion. Here a ship drives upon the pier of the harbour in which in a few minutes more she would have ridden in safety, and is broken in pieces. Another goes down bodily, overwhelmed by the storm. A third strikes and rolls over with all her crew. A fourth has time only to show her distress-signals, and before the tow-boats can reach her she is gone. We hear of nine wives widowed and forty children made orphans by the wreck of one ship. In another case we read of the bodies being washed ashore of men and women who were setting out full of hope to rejoin their relatives in Australia. There are harrowing narratives of the identification of dead people by friends and relatives who but a few hours before had parted with them with gentle and hopeful farewells, and by the side of all this helplessness there is the fine heroism for which our dangerous coasts give grand and perilous opportunity. The sea-kings of the old days went forth to pillage and destroy—the sea-kings of our gentler times, moulting no feather of pristine hardihood, take to the sea in its roughest moods only to save. Some of those who left the shore last week on their errand of mercy have gone down into the sea to tempt its perils no more. Others have battled their way through the storm and brought themselves and their human salvage safe to land. Not even in the dreadful storm which visited our coast last week was there a moment's hesitation amongst the crews of our life-boats. In some cases, as in that of the *Friendship*, of Colchester, which ran upon the Black Middens, Tynemouth, they had not the chance to peril their lives. But many sailors and passengers who are alive and safe would have perished but for the life-boat's "hardy crew." And, unhappily, side by side with this fine manliness we have to deplore an infernal rapacity. At Tynemouth, while the cries for help from a stranded ship forced those who heard them into an agony of tears, hundreds of men and women were playing the part of wreckers upon the shore.

"We are passing through a night of horrors," writes the Shields correspondent of the *Times*, on Thursday week, at midnight. "At this moment, at the mouth of our harbour, can be heard the shouts of drowning men, women, and children, overtopping the roar of an awful sea which is breaking in a mass of white foam upon the shore." In the afternoon of the day when his letter was written the wind wore round to the south-east, and freshened up into a gale, "the sea coming away with tremendous violence." Presently, one after another, laden ships, which had cleared the port the day before, made back to it and ran in safe. But at six o'clock, about quarter flood, the Newcastle Trinity House showing no lights in the harbour, a large steamer was observed approaching the Tyne. She took the bar, but, immediately afterwards, ran upon the Black Middens, a reef of rocks lying under the Spanish battery; the night dark, the rain falling, and the sea increasing fearfully. The cries of women and children were heard from the ship distinctly, and the apparatus for their rescue was at once brought to bear. A rocket was fired, and a whip line and hawser were, by its means, connected with the ship, enabling those on shore to send off the cradle for the rescue of the crew and passengers. Two men were brought to land, but the apparatus became disordered in the attempt to rescue a third; and though he was saved by a number of the people on shore dashing into the surf and rescuing him when he stuck half way, the line of communication had become so entangled that from that moment it became useless. Meanwhile, the Shields and Tynemouth life-boats had been manned, and they now pulled towards the steamer and a schooner, which had struck on the same rocks. Unhappily, the boats were unable to reach either. One of them made a gallant dash at the schooner, but as she came alongside a sea broke aboard of her, smashed nearly all her oars, and stove her in. Five of her crew, thinking that she would go to pieces, sprang into the schooner, which presently fell off from the rocks and rolled over, drowning the crew and two of the men who had sought safety, and found death upon her deck. Those who remained on board the life-boat drove with her into the harbour, and were saved.

All hope of doing anything more to save the crew of the *Stanley* until daylight was now abandoned. In a pitch-dark night the people on land waited for dawn through the long dreary hours, listening to the cries of women, the shouts of men, and the wail of boys on board the wreck; and in the miserable impossibility of doing anything to save their hapless fellow-creatures, hundreds of strong, hardy men shed bitter tears. At one o'clock the *Stanley* parted amid-ships, and as her contents were washed in, hundreds of men and women

rushed to the shore perilling their lives in search of plunder, indifferent to the cries for help which came to them from the fore-part of the steam-ship, which still resisted the storm. Upon this remnant of the *Stanley* a steam-tug, with rockets and lines on board, and a life-boat bore down; but all they could do was to bring back word that a number of seamen, and perhaps some passengers, were in the fore-rigging of the vessel, but that any attempt to rescue them until daylight would be sheer madness. Before daylight came nine bodies, three of them men, two boys, and four women, were washed upon the shore and carried away to the dead-house. In that awful interval the cries of the crew and passengers were heard above the storm. Before the ship broke in two, most of the female passengers and some of the crew had sought safely on the bridge or look-out which was on the top of the second cabin, for the sea was sweeping the deck. They had not long reached their seeming refuge when a heavy sea struck it and them away, and none of crew or passengers remained but those who had found shelter in the fore or after rigging. Of these some as the night wore on became so benumbed with cold that they could hold on no longer, and fell into the sea. Two of them were ladies who were on their way to Australia. They dropped from the rigging into the surf and perished. Morning at last came. For the second time a line was attached to the steamer, and the survivors were rescued.

The prolonged agony of this dreadful scene must have been terrible to endure, for those on land hardly less than for those upon the wreck. It seems to require explanation why in a dark November afternoon, with a hurricane blowing, the harbour had no lights out. The captain of the *Stanley*, who was the last man to come on shore, thinks that if he had had the guidance of the harbour lights, he could have brought his ship safe into the Tyne. As it was, he lost her and half the souls on board of her.

ANOTHER JUTE FIRE.

THE pertinacity with which people cling to dangerous practices, in spite of repeated warnings, was illustrated last week by another disaster by fire. The great fire in Tooley-street was the result of storing in crowded localities immense quantities of inflammable goods. It destroyed property to the amount of more than a million sterling, and continued burning for weeks. No wonder. The warehouses contained 1,009 tons of jute, 484 tons of saltpetre, 1,197 tons of hemp, 23,461 bales of cotton, and 18,934 casks of tallow. Between London Bridge and the London Dock it was estimated that there were not less than 150,000 tons of inflammable goods stored in the various warehouses. Of these jute is, perhaps, the most dangerous. It is packed in square bales by hydraulic process, and stored in tiers with passages between. The surfaces of the bales are covered with a "fluff," or down, so easily ignited upon the slightest contact with fire, that the flame spreads with the rapidity of lightning over the whole mass, and nothing can save it. Wanted a good rousing fire, you cannot do better than store jute in the building in which it is desired. Of course saltpetre and tallow will help, should these commodities also be present. But jute is the thing to begin with. There is no slow smouldering about it—no chance of a warning by smoke before the fire bursts forth. It is up and doing in a second; and, before a messenger can be despatched for the engines or an alarm-bell rung, is master of the position.

It proved its power some years ago at the West Kent Wharf, in 1861 at Cotton's Wharf, and last week at Meriton's Wharf, Dockhead. In a few hours it destroyed five warehouses, the property of Messrs. Barry Brothers, and their contents; and, but for the exertions of the fire brigade, would have destroyed more. For to its own capacity for mischief was added every convenience for its display. Meriton's Wharf abuts on the eastern side of the creek called St. Saviour's Dock. On each side of this inlet are huge granaries, mills, and warehouses. In the five warehouses destroyed there were stored, with other commodities, about 20,000 bales of jute, 2,000 quarters of oil-seeds, and 1,200 bags of saltpetre, the saltpetre being distributed over four of the warehouses, and stored in the basement parts. Here was material for a conflagration! When the fire was at its height the reflection was seen as far off as Folkestone, and the ships in the Pool "appeared to be wrapped in flames." Land steam-engines and floating steam-engines poured out a flood of water on the burning warehouses, at the rate of between four and five thousand gallons per minute, without any effect. Right across the inlet the flames darted, scorching and blackening the walls of the opposite buildings, and putting them—to say nothing of

the magazines on the same side with the burning wharf—in such imminent danger that, after half-an-hour's pumping, the brigade-men had to give up all hope of subduing the fire and to content themselves with confining it to the five warehouses, if even that were possible. It was perilous work. Every now and then as the fire reached the saltpetre it exploded, throwing up clouds of black smoke, and as these cleared away streams of variegated fire ran up, "mingling with the general illumination with fine effect." One explosion tore open an enormous gap in the wall, which fell with a tremendous crash, the force of the explosion bulging in a wall of a house fifty or sixty feet distant; walls and roofs fell right and left, the fire shooting up in thick masses of flame, or rushing into compartments of the warehouses hitherto untouched, as new openings were thus made for it. When we read what hairbreadth escapes some of the brigade had, we marvel that to the immense loss of property we have not to add loss of life. To avoid a sheet of flame which preceded one of the explosions, twelve of the brigade had to throw themselves down behind the parapet of a neighbouring house, from whose roof they were directing their hose. Similar escapes were not few; and we read of "acts of individual heroism performed by men of the fire brigade, at which the spectators gazed with bated breath, but which to the actors themselves, familiarized with danger, had little or no terror."

Now, though nothing will convert jute from an inflammable into a non-inflammable substance, we may do two things with respect to it which will lessen the force of its dangerous character. We may store it and all other highly inflammable articles by themselves, and we may store them in some place where, if they ignite, they will not threaten a surrounding neighbourhood with destruction. At present they find admission into warehouses along with commodities not inflammable, which are of course involved in a common ruin with their dangerous neighbours. In the three great fires we have mentioned the mischief began with the jute, and it seems a question upon which there is some doubt whether this substance has not within itself the property of generating fire without the help of accident or incendiaries. The insurance offices incline to the belief that it has. But however combustion originates, there it is in its most terrible vigour and activity—so terrible that the land supply of water, though sufficiently abundant to extinguish an ordinary house-fire, is powerless against one which is fed with such nourishing fuel as jute, saltpetre, oil-seeds in thousands of bales, and bags, and quarters. No disaster, however, appears sufficient to warn our merchants and wharfingers effectually against storing these commodities in the heart of the most populated neighbourhoods. The premises of Messrs. Barry Brothers cover several acres of ground, and their six warehouses which were not burnt were charged with stores as dangerous as those which were. Bermondsey swarms with similar magazines, similarly filled. Yet half the money which has been lost in the burning of the West Kent Wharf, Cotton's Wharf, and Meriton's Wharf, would more than pay for the land necessary for new buildings in a safe locality, and for the new buildings too.

MR. GRIFFITH, OF GARN.

WE had something to say recently of the conduct of Mr. Griffith, of Garn, a Welsh magistrate, who, at a meeting at Denbigh, did act and speak and curse and swear in a way which we do not remember to have been paralleled, or even approached, by magistrate, costermonger, or fishwife. Such a scene Denbigh probably never witnessed before. The chairman, the speaker on his legs, the audience in the body of the room, all came in for a share of his maledictions. He did not spare even his own "blood," and when reproached by the chairman with being a disgrace to her Majesty's commission, he did not hesitate to reply, "Sir, I do not care a d—n for her Majesty or you." There could be but one opinion of this disgraceful exhibition, and we are glad to see that after about a month's reflection Mr. Griffith himself has been brought to share it. He has cooled down, and in a letter to the Denbigh Town Council expresses himself so much shocked at the disloyal terms he is reported to have used, that he is firmly convinced he did not use them at all. But, if he did, he declares now that they did not proceed from nor express the feelings of his heart, and he professes his deep regret and grief that they escaped his lips. He makes the *amende* also to those present at the meeting, and to all who felt aggrieved by his conduct. The apology, though a little late, is ample. We are inclined, too, to admit the possibility that Mr. Griffith really did utter a great deal of the atrocious language which fell from his lips without knowing what he was saying. Welsh blood is proverbially hot, and certainly never was there a Welshman endowed with a finer capacity for working it up to boiling heat than Mr. Griffith. That he could remember all the items of the torrent of oaths and abuse with which he assailed everyone present is not probable. But it is still a question whether, even after apology, a man who has so outraged

public decency and shown himself so incapable of self-control should be allowed again to exercise the functions of a magistrate.

RAILWAY TRAVELLERS AND THEIR BEER.

SOME time back Mr. Arnold, the magistrate, decided that Mr. Howard, who conducts the refreshment room at the Victoria station of the London and Brighton Railway, had broken the law against the sale of liquors within the prohibited hours on Sunday, by vending his supplies to persons who had taken tickets to proceed by the next train. Upon appeal to the Queen's Bench, Mr. Howard contended that a man becomes a traveller from the moment he takes his ticket with the intention of travelling; while on the other side it was argued that he cannot be regarded in this light, as there is nothing to show that he does not reside close to the railway station before he takes the ticket, and is therefore able to satisfy his thirst or replenish his exhausted powers out of his own cellar. Mr. Justice Compton suggested that a man becomes a traveller from the moment he takes his ticket. Mr. Pollock, in support of the conviction, urged that he was only "an intended traveller." After much sparring on the learned counsel's part, during which the judges severally displayed a strong inclination in favour of beer, the bench decided that "in the ordinary and common understanding of mankind, and in common sense," persons taking tickets for the purpose of travelling by rail must be considered to be travellers, and reversed the magistrates' decision. It certainly would have been a blot on the common sense of the judges if they had decided otherwise. To say that Mr. Pollock, for instance, is only an intending traveller while he is waiting for the train to start from Victoria station, and not entitled to wet his lips until the train had carried him to Battersea Park, would be ridiculous. That any doubt should have arisen upon the point says very little for Mr. Arnold's discretion.

SINGULAR CHARGE OF FRAUD.

A CHARGE of obtaining jewellery under false pretences has been made by two jewellers of Bond-street against Mr. Arthur Bootle Wilbraham, an ensign in the Coldstream Guards. The facts appear to be, that in the beginning of the year Mr. Wilbraham obtained jewellery from Mr. Harry Emanuel, of Bond-street, to the nominal value of £3,100, but in reality worth only £2,200, saying that he wished to make a present of them to a rich heiress whom he was about to marry. Mr. Emanuel swears that he told Mr. Wilbraham he would not let him have the goods unless he was going to be married, and this statement his manager confirms. It appears that on the same day on which he obtained possession of them, Mr. Wilbraham deposited the jewels with Mr. Robert Morris, of Carlton Chambers, Regent-street, as a security, partly for money already lent and partly for a further advance, with the condition that Mr. Morris might sell them in default of payment. From time to time Mr. Emanuel renewed Mr. Wilbraham's acceptances, and probably the charge of fraud would never have been heard of had not Mr. Wilbraham's name appeared, as it did lately, in the list of bankrupts. It is clearly an afterthought, and it is open to very great doubt whether a tradesman, having supplied to a young officer in the Guards jewellery worth only £2,200 for £3,100, leaving the enormous profit of £900, and having from time to time renewed his bills, can maintain a criminal accusation on the ground that the jewellery was sold to him not because he was highly connected, but because he said he was about to marry an heiress. However that may be, Mr. Wilbraham has been committed for trial; and a similar charge against him, at the instance of Mr. Hancock, also a Bond-street jeweller, stands adjourned till next week.

A TURKISH PRINCESS.

A LETTER from Constantinople tells the story of the jealousy of a Turkish princess, and how she revenged herself on her husband and his supposed favourite. The husbands of Turkish princesses in general, when they are not princely themselves, but only subjects elevated by matrimony to a doubtful honour, seem to have an uneasy time of it, and to be no better than their wives' slaves, with the added misery of a false position. But the husbands of Fatima, Ruffia, and Djemila, daughters of the late Sultan, have led, it is said, the life of a dog, owing to their wives' arbitrary tempers. Veritable tartars must all these ladies be if Fatima and Ruffia are as bad as Djemila. This interesting princess, now in her twenty-second year, conceived lately the idea that Mahmoud Jelladin Pasha, her spouse, regarded one of her slaves with more favour than was becoming. Whether this suspicion was well or ill-founded, Djemila did not stop to inquire. She bade one of her eunuchs cut the girl's head off, and at one stroke of the scimitar the deed was done. Then, as the pasha was coming home to dinner, she had the head placed under a cover, and, seating herself on a divan, awaited the pasha's arrival. Presently he came; and, when he had performed the usual homage to his imperial spouse, she desired him to proceed with his dinner, and called on the servants to remove the cover. Knowing what was beneath it, they shrank back—upon which Djemila ordered the pasha himself to remove it. He did so, reeled back with horror, and fell dead; but whether it was the shock that killed him, or some sherbet he had just taken—which might have been poisoned—is known, perhaps, only to his better half. Her uncle, the Sultan, we are told, is very angry with her for this little outburst of feminine jealousy. But

that penalty she is, probably, able to endure, and it is the only one with which her diabolical crime has been visited.

THE SWISS POISONING CASE.

THE affecting farewell which Dr. Hermann Demme and Mdle. Trümper addressed some days back to their families, before taking, as they professed they were about to do, their leave of the world, is more than suspected to be a blind, and indeed looks exceedingly like one. Though the doctor's letter, written on the 13th and 14th ult., announced that they had arrived at Lausanne, and were setting out for Geneva, where their suicide was to be committed in the lake, their bodies have not been found. A passage in his letter prepared his friends and the public for this result with a suspicious particularity:—"The execution of the final deed," he writes, "will be as follows: We shall take a walk, and enter a boat on the lake, from which we shall jump into the water. Perhaps we shall execute our project at a deep point we know of in the river in such a manner that our bodies will not be found." It is believed by the incredulous that this threatened suicide was got up in order to mask the departure of Dr. Demme, and facilitate his establishment in some other country under an assumed name: while those who are given to scandal explain his disappearance by the report that he is accused of having robbed an English lady whom he attended three years back, at the Hotel du Bernerhof, of jewellery, part of which, a diamond ring, he gave to Mdle. Flora Trümper, as a wedding present. A report is current that she and Demme were recognised at Havre while embarking for America; and there is another rumour that they have been seen in Paris.

THE MAN FOR THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS.

EVERY music hall in London has now its conjurers who imitate with more less success the rope-feats of the Brothers Davenport. A few nights ago the performer at Turnham's, in the Edgeware-road, invited any one amongst the audience to tie him up. Upon this a sailor whipped a line out of his pocket, which he had brought with him on purpose, jumped upon the stage and proceeded to perform the operation. First of all he placed a running noose round the man's neck, then he passed the rope between his legs and brought it up to his back and wound it round his waist and arms. But he pulled so vigorously at every round, pressing his knee against the unfortunate exhibitor in order to get a good purchase, that the man's ribs were nearly broken, and in the result the sailor was given into custody, and taken before Mr. Yardley on a charge of being drunk and disorderly. His test was rough but crucial, and if the Davenport Brothers wish to establish their pretensions they should allow him to operate upon them. He is quite willing to tie anybody up in the same way, and politely offered Mr. Yardley to experiment upon him. We are glad to see that he was discharged. He did what he did honestly, thinking, as he said, that he was "doing an act of justice and kindness by exposing these rope exhibitors." We do not see the justice of handing over to the police a man who has been invited to tie up a conjuror merely because he has done his work too well.

SCUTTling A SHIP.

AN extraordinary charge against the captain and mate of the *Snowdrop*, of scuttling that vessel with a view to cheat the underwriters, was made on Monday, at the Mansion House. The case was adjourned, but thus far the accusation rests upon the evidence of a ship's carpenter, who states that after the *Snowdrop* had struck upon a reef in the Baltic, he, at the request of the captain and mate, bored several holes in her bottom, with the view of sinking her. He states that the captain, after giving him two glasses of grog, said to him, "Now, carpenter, the ship is making no water; she is here, and I don't want her ever to come off: can you make her make water?" Witness said he could. The captain asked by what means?—a very odd question for a captain to ask a carpenter. Witness replied, by boring a couple of holes in her. This happy idea might have occurred to the captain himself. But the witness then goes on to state how he bored not two but four holes, and leaves no doubt that, whatever the captain and mate may be, he himself is one of the most consummate rogues that ever walked a ship's deck, whether he bored the holes or not. This is the only fact, thus far, proved beyond dispute.

AN INGENIOUS DEVICE.

SOME time ago a Frenchman, named Jules Rimbaut, living at Hackney, was committed for trial for a criminal assault upon his servant girl, Emily Allen. At his instance the case was removed into the Queen's Bench, where it was to have been tried on Saturday. In the meantime offers were made to the girl's mother to settle the matter, but Mrs. Allen was firm, and these efforts failed. After they had been made repeatedly in vain, a Mrs. Wilson took lodgings in Mrs. Allen's neighbourhood, introduced herself to her, and took a younger sister of Emily's into her service. A few days afterwards she asked Mrs. Allen to let her take her daughter Clara, a third sister, with her for a trip into the country, which she said would do her good, suggesting also that the girl Emily should go along with them. Mrs. Allen declined both invitations. But on Wednesday last week

Mrs. Wilson called at her house in her absence, and took away Emily and Clara, promising the other sisters to bring them back in the evening. On the following day Mrs. Allen received a letter from Mrs. Wilson, dated "Thursday morning," but bearing no address or clue to the writer's whereabouts beyond the postmarks of Lewes and Newhaven. In this letter Mrs. Wilson stated that the girls were well and enjoying themselves, and seemed to be very happy, and that she could not say when they would return, as Mr. Wilson was going to give them all a few days' enjoyment in the country. We cannot assert that Mrs. Wilson is the agent of the Frenchman Rimbaut, and is keeping the girl Emily out of the way, perhaps intending to carry her off to the Continent, in order to defeat the ends of justice. But that is the inference drawn by the solicitors to the Society for the Protection of Women and Children, who applied on Monday at Worship-street for a warrant to apprehend Mrs. Wilson on a charge of abduction. A warrant was granted, and an affidavit of the facts above stated having been read to the Court of Queen's Bench, the Chief Justice has adjourned the trial of Rimbaut till the next sittings.

BISHOP SIMPSON.

WE wrote last week about certain views upon the destiny of America, more forcible than reverential, delivered by Bishop Simpson, of Pennsylvania, in a lecture at New York. An impression might have been received that the lecturer was a prelate of the Episcopal Church in America. But that is not the case. It appears that Methodism in the Northern States, unlike English Methodism, takes an Episcopal form, and is under the supervision of seven bishops, of whom Dr. Simpson is one. The Bishop of Pennsylvania, as Englishmen understand the term "Bishop," is Dr. Potter, a man not likely to speak as Dr. Simpson has spoken, as the following passage, quoted by a correspondent of the *Guardian* from his charge of 1849, will show:—"We may well mourn that there is sometimes among us so much impatience of the restraints of law, and always such overweening national self-esteem, combined with a tone of detraction so ungenerous and undistinguishing in respect to the institutions and condition of other lands."

THE letter written by Müller to his parents a fortnight before his execution has been published. In it he says he dies for having disobeyed them in leaving Germany for London. In his account of the event it will be noticed he allows that Mr. Briggs was murdered, and does not attempt to account for the possession of his hat, which, it will be remembered, Müller carried with him to America. The following is his story to his family:—"I was at work with a person called Louis Wild, and became acquainted with his sister, Grace Matthews, and things proceeded so far that I meditated marrying her. As I was also acquainted with her brother, John Matthews, it happened that he bought a hat for me. Through the purchase of this hat he brought me to my unexpected death, as I had given up acquaintanceship with his sister. On July 9, 1864, a man was murdered in a railway carriage. From him a watch, chain, and hat, were taken at the same time, and another hat was left in the carriage, which hat was similar to the one which John Matthews had bought for me. A reward of 2,000 thalers was now offered for those who could give information respecting the murder. I had long previously resolved to go to America, as you yourselves know; and therefore on Monday, July 11, 1864, I went towards the office to pay my passage to America, and on the way a watch and chain were offered me, and I bought them, and, as it afterwards appeared, they were the watch and chain belonging to the gentleman who was murdered in the railway carriage on July 9, 1864. I left London for America on July 14, 1864, and reached New York on August 24, 1864, and was there arrested because John Matthews had accused me of the murder, and consequently I was brought back to London. I could not now bring forward the man from whom I had bought the watch and chain, and John Matthews swore that the hat which was left in the railway carriage was the hat he had bought for me on October 24, 1863. I was now required to say where I was on July 9, and also what I did; yet the people said they could not remember, which might easily be the case after so long a time, and on this account I was found guilty of the murder and sentenced to death; but God the Almighty knows that I am innocent, and therefore I shall die in peace. I have now said all upon the subject which I can say, and will therefore end my letter, for I have nothing more to say.—I remain, your loving son and brother, FRANZ MÜLLER, who was sold as a slave in London by John Matthews for 2,000 thalers."

COURT ETIQUETTE.—A very curious regulation of the Chamberlain's office, bearing date 1624, touching conduct to be observed by cadets who were invited to dine with an Austrian archduke, runs as follows:—"His Imperial and Royal Highness having deigned to invite several officers to dine at his table, and having had frequent opportunities of observing that the greater part of these officers behave with the strictest courtesy and good breeding towards each other, and generally conduct themselves like true and worthy cavaliers, nevertheless deems it advisable that the less experienced cadets should have their attention directed to the following code of regulations:—1. To present their respects to his Imperial and Royal Highness on their arrival, to come neatly dressed, coat and boots, and not to enter the room in a half-drunken condition. 2. At table they are not to tilt up their chairs or rock themselves therein, nor stretch their legs at full length. 3. Nor drink after each mouthful, for if they do they will get tipsy too soon; nor empty the goblet to the extent of more than one-half after each dish, and, before drinking therefrom, they should wipe the mouth and moustaches in a cleanly manner. 4. Neither are they to thrust

their hands into the dishes, nor to throw the bones under the table. 5. Nor to lick their fingers, nor to expectorate in their plates, nor to wipe their noses on the tablecloth. 6. Nor drink so bestially as to fall from their chairs, and make themselves incapable of walking straight." We may well wonder what kind of manners prevailed at that period among the lower grades of society when we find a code like the above considered necessary to regulate the behaviour of young officers who must have belonged to the noblest families.—*Once a Week*.

ON Tuesday an inquiry was held at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, touching the death of Mary Deacon, aged nineteen, a workgirl, who, at the time of her death, was learning waistcoat-making with Mr. Samuel Withers, at No. 2, Beech-lane, Barbican. From the evidence of witnesses it appeared that on the evening of the last day of October the girl rushed out of her employer's house in flames. A neighbour ran up the street with a mat in his hand, threw the woman down, and put out the flames. She gave a faint sigh, and said, pointing to her master, who was standing by, "That man kissed me, and tried to take liberties with me; I will lock him up." The girl for a time got better, but has now died. The man Withers, with his wife, are of drunken habits. He asserts that the girl's crinoline caught fire, and he endeavoured to save her. The jury, however, did not believe him, but returned a verdict of "Manslaughter" against him, and he was committed to Newgate.

THE maximum amount of pauperism in the cotton districts during the distress was attained in the first week of December, 1862, when the total number relieved by the guardians was 274,860. The minimum was touched in the fourth week of August last, when the number of paupers was returned as 78,730. During September and October last, and the first and second weeks of November, there was an increase of 32,760; but last week a decrease of 840. The total numbers now in receipt from the poor-rates is, therefore, 110,650.

THE CHURCH.

THE ENDOWMENT OF SMALL LIVINGS.

THE late meeting of the "great masters of thought," in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford, though a brilliant affair of its kind, has hardly conferred a solid benefit on the Established Church. To promote the endowment of small livings is an object in itself worthy of the highest commendation, but between the end and the means there are matters which laymen will assuredly take into serious consideration before they respond heartily with help. The first question they will ask is—if the present revenues of the Church are insufficient for the decent maintenance of the clergy, are they still so managed and distributed, and is promotion in the Church so dispensed, that the greatest amount of good is produced that could be obtained from these resources? If the answer which facts give to this question be unsatisfactory, then, notwithstanding the eloquence of the Bishop of Oxford and Mr. Disraeli, and the most imposing array of talent and learning which Oxford can produce, laymen will draw tight their purse-strings, and wait until reform begins first at home. That thoughts of this kind are floating uppermost in the minds of the public at large the Bishop of Oxford has had a tolerably tangible proof of in the feeble response which has been made to the appeal which, under such favourable auspices, went forth amidst a flourish of trumpets to his diocese. We suspect that the bishop had already a foreshadowing of the result in his mind, when after praising the laity for their readiness "to meet nobly any real requirement of the sort," he touched on the real difficulty by saying, "that they suffer this evil to continue is only from the natural effect on their minds of having received large endowments from former times." Their hesitation is indeed connected with these endowments; but it is nevertheless true, as Dr. Wilberforce says, that all that is necessary is to convince them of "the existence of this evil" of small livings, and of the "possibility of removing it," in order to make sure of their assistance.

Of the reality of the evil there is no doubt. There is a large number of incumbencies in the Church under £200 a-year, a great portion of which range so low as £100, and not a few down to £50; the only question is as to the "possibility of removing it;" and here we are strongly of opinion that the laity will generally take a very different view of the matter from the Bishop of Oxford. This excellent prelate, whose words will be reproduced on many a hostile lip and page, has enunciated the strange position that the "lottery principle" is the true ground on which young persons should be induced to enter the Church as a profession. In olden time this lottery principle, he says, "was always at work, and did its part to supply the Church with eligible candidates." The present falling off in the supply of clergy he traces to recent legislation, which, by destroying pluralities, gave a death-blow to the lottery principle, and the inducements it held out to enter the Church. This is certainly a novel view of the best and most proper inducement to labour in the Christian vineyard, as startling also as it is novel, and a most wonderful offshoot from the intellect of a bishop. Who can credit it, that the pluralities of the "good old times," which every one of the present generation was supposed to look back on with unqualified condemnation, should find so distinguished an advocate in the Bishop of Oxford? But passing over the moral grounds on which the recommendation of such motives in ecclesiastical matters might be objected to, the bishop is totally mistaken in supposing that the pluralities of the Church were ever disposed of on the lottery principle. There was no more of lottery in them than in the throws of loaded dice.

These high stakes of the Church turned up for the spiritual gamblers who played for them exactly as the ecclesiastical dice were loaded with nepotism, relationship, personal favouritism or friendship, services rendered to Government, or the purchase of next presentations; and these convenient weights are by no means yet among the things of the past. It is a rather strange perversion of the use of language to call such malversations of the revenues of the Church fruits of "the principle of lottery which should attract people to choose the ministry of the Church as a profession."

Neither is it the lottery principle which determines young persons, on their first entry into life, to select other professions, the bar or medicine for instance; or even to engage in mercantile pursuits. There is more or less of chance and uncertainty in everything human; but most young persons of ability and diligence, who enter a profession, have some solid grounds on which they base their hopes of future advancement. In college-halls and medical school-rooms there are seldom wanting indications of the students who will hereafter be the successful men of those professions in which there is a fair field and no favour. And as the indications are, so are the results; for, of all pursuits in life, there are none in which the lottery principle has less weight and merit more than those of law or medicine. By ability, skill, tact, and energy alone can a barrister rise to distinction, or a physician into extensive practice; and the same holds good to a very great extent also as to commercial pursuits. As, then, the lottery principle is not the sole or even chief motive which induces young men to engage in commerce, or to enter the two learned professions that have been named, so neither is it the motive in the Church. But here the misfortune is that the prospect of merit rewarded is by no means to any great extent the motive.

But we are asked to believe that the large number of small livings in the Church is the monster evil which is deterring English gentlemen from sending their sons into the Church, and that the only "possible remedy" is an immediate appeal to the nation to increase these livings. Is that the only monster evil? Is this the only possible remedy? Those who say they are, give indeed but a very one-sided view of the matter. To those who look at the Church from a distance, and with unprejudiced feelings, and not through the coloured media of bishops and dignitaries, private patrons, and traffickers in next presentations, there are many things which manifestly appear to demand to be set to rights before help can be expected from the public, or any general appeal should be made. It appears to us a self-evident proposition that the bishops should first satisfy the English nation that the revenues of the Church—"endowments handed down from former times"—are now turned to the best account, managed and divided as they best should be, to promote with the largest results the spiritual well-being of the people, and only then come forward with an appeal for further help. We have no hesitation in saying that, were they able to do, the people would respond promptly and with a full hand. If they are not able to give this assurance, the next thing to be expected of them is that they will initiate, agitate, and promote such salutary changes in the distribution of Church incomes, consistent with all private and vested rights, as would satisfy the people that all has been done which could possibly be done. In this case also we feel assured that a ready response would be made to any appeal to their Christian principles for aid. But the prevalent opinion is that the bishops are neither making this effort, nor are willing to do so; and hence the apparent indifference of the laity. The Bishop of Oxford spoke of the necessity of showing laymen "the possibility of remedying the evil" he complains of. Certainly it is necessary; but his lordship, and his brother prelates on the Episcopal Bench, must first show that they have done themselves all that it is possible to do. It is true that the revenues of the Church, if divided equally among its incumbents, would not give more than £270 a year to each incumbent. But it is equally clear that a fund which gives that average could, were it arranged in salaries in some ascending scale from £100 upwards, and distributed among the clergy on the strictest principle of merit, make the Church of England the most flourishing institution in the land. Were such done, although the minor salaries would still be too small to support in the ministry the sons of gentlemen whose services, Dr. Wilberforce so truly describes as essential to the efficiency of the Church, yet this disadvantage would be powerfully counterbalanced by the newly-imported principle of promotion by merit—a better lottery principle than that of the pluralities of the past. We may add that, when the Church engine would be thus placed on its proper rail, and the bishops had provided their share of the "possible remedy," the laity would be ready to co-operate with a prompt and vigorous action and a generous heart, and to make up the deficiency of salary required for the "noble and gentle blood" of the Church. But, if the Church remains in its present state of the most fortuitous and arbitrary distribution of its population and its revenues—if one minister of the Gospel receives £800 per annum for tending a flock of 100 souls, while another, in no respect his inferior, has charge of 15,000 for £150—what else can be expected from the laity but utter coldness and indifference?

But there is another view of the Bishop of Oxford's appeal which will force itself on the minds of thinking people. A large share of the small livings in his diocese belong to private patrons. To add to the yearly value of these incumbencies would be to increase the marketable value of their advowsons and presentations. The Bishop would then soon find himself in the anomalous position of getting subscriptions from X Y and Z, liberal and

exemplary Churchmen of the diocese of Oxford, in order to put money into the pocket of some Squire Brown or Robinson, who cared more about the market value of his advowson than about church or clergyman. It would be absurd to say that this case would not occur. Any scheme which aims at a general increase in the endowments of small livings must include private patronage; and it will scarcely be believed that these patrons will themselves, to any great extent, furnish the amount necessary to make the required increase in their own parishes. The extent to which this difficulty would be felt may be easily conceived from the fact that, out of every twelve parishes in England seven belong to private patrons.

We are perfectly aware of the difficulty which surrounds the discussion of the question of a judicious and salutary redistribution of the revenues and parishes of the Church of England, arising from the clashing of private interests, and of the rights of corporations and other public bodies. We therefore advocate no Utopian scheme of improvement—nothing that could possibly infringe on a single private or public right, or duty. We simply contend that the best that can be done should be done, and honestly done. The Bishops of the Church have immense powers for doing good if they only determine to use it. A Church movement of this kind, which would command their unanimous or even general support, and would recommend itself to the good sense of the nation at large, would have the best possible chances of success. The Church is a national institution, and yet in one sense seven-twelfths of it is private property. This patronage, a good thing in many respects, has, however, been productive of some evils which are a scandal to the Church. These scandals should be removed; the principle that patronage is a sacred trust should be fostered by public opinion, and its breaches visited with distinct and well-merited opprobrium. No Beddington traffic in senility should be allowed. The sale of next presentations should be prevented, and that of advowsons made publicly, and in open court, as in the case of landed property. Parliament might then, with the aid and co-operation of bishops and patrons, effect some arrangement, immediate or prospective, whereby, while each patron got his *quid pro quo*, merit would in future be entitled to look forward in the Church to being on some fixed principles rewarded, parishes and clerical incomes be better distributed, and the scandals and injustices which at present exist be to some reasonable extent removed. When this is done, or at least some honest attempt made in that direction, then, and only then, will it be found that the people of England will loosen their purse-strings, and liberally add to the present resources of the clergy the means necessary to furnish them with a decent and well-deserved maintenance.

A DEPOSED WORKHOUSE CHAPLAIN.

THE punishment has at last descended on the Rev. Mr. Hillyard, of Norwich, which he has so richly earned. Poor-law guardians are a race of ordinary mortals, subject to all the infirmities of local prejudices, and vision through coloured media; but everyone looks up to the Poor-law Board in Whitehall as a kind of *Di Majores*, or Justice with her well-poised balances, dispensing to every man in the provinces according to his clearly-proved deservings. The former are liable to error; but the Board is the veriest concentrated essence of equity and rectitude, slow in deliberation, cautious in judgment, but quick, sharp, and vigorous, when the moment for action has arrived. That stage in the inquiry into the charges brought against Mr. Hillyard, of St. Lawrence, of neglect of duty as chaplain of the Norwich Workhouse, has now been reached. What was clearly visible to the guardians, transparent to the Bishop, and palpable to all but the three hundred chosen men who could repeat the Shibboleth of confidence in Mr. Hillyard, has been legally proved to the satisfaction of the Whitehall Board; and the erring chaplain, much too zealous about sacramental ministrations to Benedictine monks, and too little zealous in catechizing pauper children, has received notice in full that it would be expedient that he should resign the chaplaincy of the Norwich Workhouse. Thus ends the Hillyard drama of 1864; and the incumbent of St. Lawrence will now have ample time to devote to the fantastic ritualism of his parish church. We shall not pretend to pity Mr. Hillyard. He has committed himself too deeply, and with no little mischievous consequences to the Church, to the mock monkery of Elm Hill to deserve the sympathy of Protestant Churchmen. He has, however, learned one lesson which will, no doubt, be hereafter useful to him through life, namely, that an imagined conscientious discharge of one class of duties—the sacramental, to wit—will never preserve consistency in a clergyman who at the same time neglects another class equally important, if not far more so.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD ON SIR JOHN LAWRENCE.—The Bishop of Oxford, alluding, at the late meeting of the Lincoln Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, to the contemplated new bishopric for India, said:—"It is delightful to me to know that, in going with the Archbishop of Canterbury as a deputation from this city to the Secretary of the Indian Board, in order to press upon him the foundation of a new Indian bishopric, he, with a rapidity of intellectual apprehension which so very much characterizes him, said, 'Now I know what you are come for; you want a new bishopric in India. I see its importance. If I dealt with you officially, I should listen to your speeches; you would each talk for twenty minutes; I should reply in

a speech of twenty minutes, and then bow you out of the room. (Laughter.) Instead of that, I think I had better say at once that I have written about the very thing to Sir John Lawrence, to learn whether he approves of it; that what he approves I will approve. Now, let us talk about something else.' (Laughter.) As to what Sir John Lawrence will approve, I had no doubt, and therefore I went away with the Archbishop of Canterbury, with great confidence that, if Sir John Lawrence's life is spared, and Sir Charles Wood remains at the Indian Office a few weeks longer, we shall have that great boon to Indian Christianity."

HIGH-CHURCH ECCENTRICITIES.—The extreme to which ultra-High-Church practices are tending in the present day is well illustrated by the following form of prayer for "exorcising a haunted house," which is recommended by a contemporary religious journal:—

"Let the image of our Saviour upon the Cross be erected in an open part of the principal room in the house; and let the priest sprinkle the whole house with holy water, from top even to the bottom, saying:—

"The Lesson. St. Luke xix. 1—10.

"And Jesus entered and passed through Jericho. And behold there a man named Zaccheus," &c.

"When all these things are done, let Abyssum, which is a kind of an herb, be procured, and after it is signed with the sign of the Cross, let it be hung up at the four corners of the house."

If this be not playing at Popish priests, what is? Another curiosity in the same line is the discovery lately made that the cloak left by St. Paul at Troas was an Eucharistical vestment. We should like very much to see proof, historic, traditional, or otherwise, of this "fact not a little remarkable."

DR. MANNING ON INSPIRATION.—The views of the Church of Rome on the Inspiration of Scripture have been thus set forth in a paper lately read by Dr. Manning:—"The Church taught that all the matter of Holy Scripture was inspired, but it had never formally adopted any one edition as being completely free from every error of translation or transcription. As to the contradictions to correct science or to chronological accuracy which some supposed they had discovered in the Scripture, the Church taught that such passages were erroneously translated or erroneously transcribed, or that there was some ignorance in the reader preventing him from seeing the exact meaning of the text. One thing was sure, that in being guided by the Church there was perfect safety, though at first there might be a difficulty; just as the harvest moon was quite out of proportion when near the horizon, but was found to be more natural in appearance when high and bright."

MÜLLER'S CONFESSION.—The *Church Review* remarks on Müller's acknowledgment of his guilt—"Only Protestantism could have produced a religious monster who dies in firm hope of his own salvation, and professedly at peace with God and man, and yet takes what he believes to be 'the sacrament' in corroboration of his daring perjury, carries a lie with him to the very scaffold, and dreams that he can repair his contumacious wickedness by three words uttered almost half in and half out of the next world! His own remark that 'man cannot forgive sins,' reveals the subtle influence of a system which, with all its good intentions, destroys the souls that our Divine Lord has sent gracious gifts of healing upon the earth to save."

THE POLISH PRIESTS IN SIBERIA.—The Pope has dispensed the Polish priests exiled in Siberia from using any vestments, chalice, unleavened bread, altar, &c., for the celebration of Mass. They should use a glass vessel at least, and wheaten bread. Any table, stone, or trunk of a tree may serve as an altar. They are empowered also to hear confession without special faculties. This is the first time for ages that such powers have been granted, and they are to last as long as the persecution of the Church and the exile of the clergy and faithful.

CLERICAL SELF-DENIAL.—It has been duly announced that Mr. Spurgeon, desiring to be no longer addressed by the title of "Reverend," there and then and thereby deliberately and for ever renounces it. Mr. Spurgeon's friends are therefore to understand that they will confer a particular favour on him by ceasing any longer to "reverence" him. This is perhaps as it ought to be; but what is to come next? So far we have renunciation of charity, eternal war with Evangelicals, and now plain Mr. Spurgeon! Possibly the next oddity may be *Brother Spurgeon*, the most scriptural title for true primitive Christians.

A NOVELTY IN CHURCH MUSIC.—A new form of church music, which has created a stir among church musicians, has been lately introduced into St. Michael's Church, Cornhill. It is a kind of recitation, like a chant, but in many respects a departure from that familiar form. This new system is due to Mr. John Crowdy, author of the "Church Choir Master," and is said to be eminently successful. We trust this is not another of the many sly attempts which are being made to bring the Church of England nearer to Rome.

THE FRIENDS IN AMERICA.—According to the correspondent of the *New York Herald*, with the Tenth Army Corps before Richmond, two English Quakers had arrived on the 6th instant, with the intention of passing through to the rebel lines. Their object is connected with their religion.

PAPAL MARRIAGE DISPENSATION.—It is rumoured that the Pope has granted a dispensation to a Dublin banker, the brother of an official connected with a Roman Catholic educational institution, enabling him to marry his deceased wife's sister. The lady's friends are scandalized by this infringement of the laws of their Church and country, but their efforts to prevent the marriage have been without avail.

BURIAL WITHOUT RELIGIOUS SERVICE.—A growing desire to be buried without religious rites is manifested by a large class in France, who have formed themselves into a club with the denomination of "Solidaires." The archbishops of France are alarmed, and suggest to the Emperor that these people shall be buried in the unconsecrated ground with murderers and self-destroyers.

FINE ARTS.

THIRD WINTER EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE idea of an annual exhibition of sketches and studies by the members and associates of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours is a good one, and might be made of great service to art, if it were carried out with anything like a firm adherence to principle. To masters and tyros alike, an exhibition of *bonâ-fide* sketches and studies would be brimfull of interest—would, in fact, present the most favourable opportunity possible for the study of the technical part of the art of painting in water-colours, by showing at a glance the methods of practice followed by the exhibitors. The lesson to be learned would include both warning and encouragement. But one important result, we are persuaded, would be attained—the sketches and studies exhibited would gradually display a higher order of excellence, a more masterly and conscientious examination of Nature, the diminution, or possible extinction, of mannerism—the besetting sin of the water-colour painters. As the exhibition is at present organized, a very considerable portion of the works exhibited are neither sketches nor studies, but finished pictures. These works, too, it is to be remarked, are, for the most part, contributed by the leading members of the Society; that is to say, by the very painters who, if the principle of which we have spoken were acted upon, might be expected to furnish the most instructive examples for study. Viewed simply as an exhibition of water-colour paintings, the present collection is equal in merit to either of the exhibitions which have preceded it.

As might be expected, the works of some half-dozen of the exhibitors stand out prominently as points of attractions. Most striking in executive power are the studies of Carl Haag, unrivalled, perhaps, for force of painting and pearly quality of tone. A finer example of his style could hardly be pointed out than the one first named in the catalogue (10), "Entrance to the Vestry of the Stift's Kirche, at Berchtesgaden, Bavarian Highlands." Two studies of heads (188), "A Bedawee from Mount Sinai," and (197) "An Abyssinian Girl," are also powerful pieces of expression; and he exhibits several other heads scarcely inferior in point of rendering. Eight works by the late William Hunt exemplify the studious reference to nature with which, for all his marvellous painting power, this great artist approached his work. After examining these works it strikes us almost with bewilderment to see in what a different spirit a hundred more showy pictures in this exhibition have been produced. Perhaps no stronger contrast could easily be found than that offered by the pictures of Mr. T. M. Richardson. In these we see clearly that the painter has been to nature only, with the determination to make it take whatever aspect he has happened to select as most pleasing to himself. By taking this course, he sweeps away all the difficulties that present themselves to conscientious students; he never suffers nature to "put him out," but with a full brush and a dextrous hand achieves any number of cheap triumphs over it. Among the more conscientious workers, Mr. G. A. Fripp, the secretary of the society, stands honourably prominent. He exhibits a very large number of subjects, mostly arranged in groups, and all giving evidence of having been studied directly from nature. All are painted in his well-known broad, clean style. Mr. E. Duncan has nine subjects, none of which answer to the description of either sketch or study, all being more or less highly finished pictures. Very beautiful they are, one and all, painted with masterly manipulative skill; but one and all, as it appears to us, overstepping the modesty of nature, one and all suggestive of studio labour rather than of any direct questioning of nature by the painter.

Mr. G. Dodgson has six highly wrought studies of views in Knole Park and elsewhere. In all these works the literal beauty of nature is overlaid by the painter's manner. Some of the best, because the most earnest studies in the gallery, are by Mr. F. W. Burton. A head of a young man (22) in chalk is remarkably bold in treatment and beautiful in drawing, especially with regard to the eyes and mouth. His studies of architecture and landscape are equally masterly. A large number of sketches and studies by the late J. D. Harding are exhibited, and are worthy of close examination by students, with an eye rather to the avoidance than to the acquisition of the highly artificial style of which they are examples. Some capital studies of cattle, by Mr. H. Brittan Willis, are exhibited, besides a number of sketches of rustic scenes. Of the figure subjects one of the most noticeable, if not actually the best picture of the class exhibited, is a *replica* (350), entitled, "After Sunset Merrily," representing a Neapolitan family, a father and mother playing with their child, and an idler looking on enjoyingly. The group is admirably well composed, and there is real life expressed in the action of each of the figures; the treatment of the whole displaying both vigour and originality. Other studies by the same painter exhibit the same excellent qualities. The studies of Mr. David Cox, Junr., suggest rather close imitation of his father's style, than independent examination of nature. Mr. S. Read has five studies of architectural subjects, all characteristic in point of treatment—broad, clear, and delicate in the rendering of the details. The variety of the sketches exhibited by Miss Margaret Gillies may warrant a hope that she intends to venture upon a wider range of subjects than that to which she has hitherto timidly confined herself. Mr. F. W. Topham exhibits only two works, an unimportant study, and (107) the sketch for the

picture exhibited in the early part of the present year, entitled "Saved."

Four hundred and fifty-eight sketches, studies, and finished works, by fifty-four contributors, bear witness to the industry of the members and associates of the Society of Painters in Water Colours; we wish we could detect in the character of their labours the least glimmering of a tendency towards a more masculine choice and treatment of subjects.

MUSIC.

AFTER so many failures and quasi-failures in the efforts of native musical genius, it is pleasant to record and to acquiesce in the favourable verdict pronounced on Mr. Hatton's new work produced by the Royal English Opera Company on Saturday last. "Rose, or Love's Ransom," contains some of the best dramatic music from the pen of an Englishman that we have heard during recent years. We are becoming hopeless of any distinctly national vein of musical thought such as should stamp an impress on English Opera, as special and characteristic as that which distinguishes and individualizes the dramatic music of Italy, France, and Germany. It is quite evident that we have no Purcell, not even an Arne, among our present national composers; and the violent and spasmodic efforts made in several recent productions at an unmistakably English style, have resulted simply in a crude and monstrous barbarism, as far removed from art and refinement as a primitive painted savage is dissociated from the culture of civilized life. If the energy and direct frankness of the English character are to find their musical representation in coarse strains worthy only of the low and vulgar classes, we had better sacrifice a little of such nationality for the sake of somewhat more polish; and until a musical genius arises who can reconcile true English expression with the refinements of cultivated art, we must accept more or less reflection of foreign models. Although Mr. Hatton has not achieved the *desideratum* of a thoroughly English style, his opera displays so much refined taste, earnest endeavour, and technical skill, that it deserves a hearty welcome after the loose scrambling productions which have of late cast ridicule on the very name of English Opera. It was scarcely wise of Mr. Hatton's coadjutor (Mr. Sutherland Edwards) to take for his book the subject of Halévy's "Val d'Andorre;" an opera which, although not rising to the height of the classical, is yet one of the most pleasing and thoroughly representative works of that composer. The story, too, comes out much more clearly in the French than in the English version—the closing incidents and explanations in the latter being huddled up in a very loose and obscure manner. In spite of all the reasons that may be urged, the omission of the trial scene, in which the young girl (Rose) is on the point of being condemned for taking the three thousand francs from her mistress's desk, very much weakens the dramatic interest and climax. The few phrases of spoken dialogue too—out of all proportion to the recitative, and quite insufficient as connecting links explanatory of the action—have the effect of purposeless interruptions from their infrequency and brevity. Some of the lyrics are very smoothly written, the words well chosen for musical purposes, and the writing generally is above the average of opera books.

Mr. Hatton's music, strengthened in interest by the curtailments made after the first performance, will doubtless prove as attractive to the public as it will certainly add to the reputation of a composer already held in high estimation, although comparatively untried in dramatic music of any pretensions. The overture, light and brilliant, and effectively scored, is a little too laboured for the slightness of the themes. The introduction, in which a pastoral effect is obtained by the favourite device of the "pedal bass," is full of life and animation. The occasional little touches of the antique style—one passage reminding us of Handel's "Acis"—give a quaintness of character; while, with a few other such evidences scattered through the work, they evince the sound classical nature of Mr. Hatton's tastes and studies. The next important piece in the first act is the quartett, "Learned Wizard," one of the best written and most effective movements in the opera, full of flowing melody and smooth vocal writing, charmingly instrumented, and conceived throughout in the school of Mozart. The andante in this quartett is especially noticeable for its refined grace, while the subsequent allegro and presto are wrought to a highly effective and dramatic climax. The air for Rose, "Gentle flower," by far the best of all the solo pieces in the opera, is full of refined sentiment and graceful beauty, the accompanying orchestration having that lightness and delicacy of touch which is refreshing after the robust English style to which we have been too much accustomed of late. This air, exquisitely sung by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, must find its way into all musical drawing-rooms, but is far too refined to meet the conditions of that lowest test of popularity, the street organ. Indeed, in all his music, Mr. Hatton's style seems to be chastened by his study of the best schools of his art; and although he may occasionally be uninteresting, he is rarely commonplace, and never coarse and vulgar. An animated air for Stephen, the hunter; a characteristic song for the captain of the recruiting party; and a rather dull ballad for Theresa, lead to an ambitious scena for Stephen, consisting of various contrasted movements, after the manner of Weber, traces of whose style are very apparent in this piece. Although cleverly written, and containing some dramatic passages, it scarcely fulfils the ambitious intention which dictated it. The opening of the second act contains some bright choral writing, some pretty dance music, and a four-part song for the chorus,

which, without containing anything very striking, is effective in its situation. The exuberant carollings and brilliant roudades which Rose is made to sing throughout this introduction are in strong opposition to the horror and remorse which that character is supposed to be suffering at the recollection of the theft which she has committed to purchase her lover's release from the conscription. The only apology for such violation of dramatic propriety is to be found in the opportunity which it affords for the admirable bravura singing of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, for the display of whose facile and florid vocalization Mr. Hatton has here provided most liberally. The scena for Rose, in which she congratulates herself on the safety of her lover, while lamenting the theft by which it is obtained, is another imitation of the form which originated with Weber, and although cleverly written, with much variety of contrast and dramatic character, and admirably instrumented, it is still unavoidably felt to be but an imitation. The trio, "Hail to the fair Theresa," is a well constructed movement, having that coherence and completeness only to be gained by a close acquaintance with the works of those great masters of form, Mozart and Beethoven, whose works have evidently had much influence on Mr. Hatton's style. The finale to the second act, the most elaborate concerted piece in the whole opera, contains some excellent dramatic writing, wrought up to an effective and exciting climax. This movement alone would suffice to prove that Mr. Hatton possesses qualifications for stage music which should lead to further and greater successes than the present. The third act falls off nearly as much in musical as in dramatic interest. A dull song for Jacques, the mendicant guardian of Rose, a "music-shop" ballad for Stephen, an elegant "slumber song" for Rose, with quaint florid accompaniment for the stringed instruments, a duet and a trio possessing no special feature, lead to the finale, in which the theme of the introductory chorus is again heard. With all its inequalities, and in spite of occasional weak points, Mr. Hatton's opera is a work of greater promise than any similar recent English production; and the fault will rest with himself if he does not make his present deserved success a starting point for a creditable career as a dramatic composer. The opera had every advantage in representation—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington as the principal character, Rose, sang with exquisite refinement and finish, and more dramatic force than usual. In her acting also she has gained greatly. Miss Poole (as Theresa), excellent as usual in the concerted music, had small opportunity for special display—her principal ballad possessing but little interest, and appearing to be forced into the situation as a concession to the singer. Mrs. Weiss as Georgette, the jealous rival of Rose, was also a valuable coadjutor in the various concerted pieces. Mr. George Perren, as the lover Stephen, exhibited marked signs of improvement. His agreeable quality of voice, good intonation, clear enunciation, and the earnest intention which he put into all his music were very satisfactory. Mr. Weiss, in the rather nondescript part of the wanderer Jacques, was in every way efficient. His two principal opportunities for individual display, a scena and a ballad (both belonging to the least happy portions of the music), were admirably given; while in all the concerted music his substantial bass voice and unfailing correctness were of the utmost value to the general effect. The small part of Blancbec, the conventional comic coward, was carefully played by Mr. Corri, with his usual somewhat hard humour, which by no means diminished the forced effect of his principal song. Neither in the comic nor in the romantic does Mr. Hatton succeed so well as in the expression of less demonstrative emotions. The small part of the recruiting Captain was well played by Mr. Aynsley Cook, who gave his capital characteristic song with much point. The opera is admirably put on the stage, the orchestra and chorus are excellent, and the work deserves to be heard by all who take an interest in English musical art, which, if not materially advanced, is far from being depreciated by Mr. Hatton's new work.

The Sacred Harmonic Society commenced its season on Friday week with an excellent performance of "St. Paul"—which is to be followed on December 9, by "Judas Maccabæus." Early next year, we presume, the Society will give the promised first performance in London of Mr. Costa's new oratorio, "Naaman," with all the advantages of the composer's alterations and revisions after its one hearing at Birmingham.

The Monday Popular Concerts are to be resumed on January 16, having been delayed, we presume, by the occupation of St. James's Hall for conjuring purposes.

The Musical Society of London has already announced its scheme for next season—the four concerts being fixed for March 29, May 3, June 7 and 28.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

LONDON managers are the most unflinching copyists. They not only copy each other's successes, but they copy each other's failures. The break-down of "Helvellyn" at Covent Garden, in the form of an opera, has encouraged the Haymarket managers to produce another version of the same piece, in the form of a three-act drama. "Helvellyn," as all that portion of the world who read theatrical notices know, was adapted from Dr. Moenthal's "Der Sonnenwendhof" by Mr. John Oxenford; "Sunny Vale Farm," the new drama at the Haymarket, is a translation of the same German play by Mr. J. V. Bridgman. "Helvellyn" was sustained by music, but "Sunny Vale Farm" is sustained by nothing except

a few mild scenic effects. When failure is the object sought for, there is wisdom in courting it in the most thorough manner.

The remarkable popularity of Dr. Mozenthal's "Deborah" or "Leah," performed as it is by all grades of actors and actresses in all parts of the country, has caused something like a run to be made upon that dramatist's productions. The cut-throat or profligate drama of France has not been neglected, because few of our so-called dramatic authors are German scholars; but the melodramatic idylls of the Viennese playwright have been well rummaged by those who have the necessary picklock.

"Sunny Vale Farm," which is honestly produced by Mr. Bridgman as a translation and nothing more, is one of the most diluted melodramas we have ever seen. Fitzball-and-water is a feeble term to apply to it. It looks as if the author had taken one of the most milky idylls of Gessner, and had set it in the framework of an old Surrey-side melodrama. The picture, however, is out of harmony with its surroundings—the simplicity of the idyll makes the melodrama ridiculous. The villain of the piece, a wandering incendiary, with an uneasy conscience, is a little too pastoral in his ruffianism. He watches a young woman as she gives away a pennyworth of milk belonging to her mistress for a charitable object, and then informs against her. This is mean, to say the least of it, and the solemn fuss that is made about this pennyworth of milk is far more humorous than punning burlesque. Such a villain was sure to disgrace the spirited melodramatic music which accompanies him. He bullies helpless females all through the piece, confesses his early crime without being asked, and then rushes headlong into suicide. The heroine of the play is a wandering orphan—a farm-servant—who is always arriving at places and wanting to leave them. The play is based upon certain stirring events which the dramatist has kept out of sight, and the result is that his dialogue is encumbered with narrative. The audience are tantalized with bare descriptions of dramatic incidents, and are fobbed off with a little thunderstorm, which explodes like a damp squib. There is no strong or agreeable character in the whole play, and the acting, with the exception of Mr. Howe's, was what we may call drawing-room melodrama. Mdlle. Beatrice, for whom the play was chiefly produced, has few of the qualities necessary to make a good melodramatic actress. She is cold and ladylike, slow and passionless. The scenery is good, but there is far too much of it in the third act—four changes in half an hour. The scene is laid in Styria at the present day, and the farmers and farm-servants are as refined as Belgravian ladies'-maids.

On Wednesday night Mr. Benjamin Webster presented his new importation from France to an Adelphi audience in the shape of a nine-act version of "Les Drame du Cabaret." This play, by MM. d'Ennery and Dumanois, has now been running at the Porte St.-Martin Theatre for about two months, and, aided by the finished acting of Mdlle. Duverger and others, it is attracting all Paris. Mr. Webster's version—translated by himself and his son—is called "The Workmen of Paris, or the Drame of the Wine-shop;" and the cast comprises the whole strength of the Adelphi company. The scenery is partly made up of old materials, but two elaborate pictures are introduced—one, the interior of a foundry in full working activity; the other, a view of Paris by night from one of the bridges—which are painted and fitted up in the best style of the panoramic drama. At the foundry a drunken workman hurls his son into a mass of revolving machinery in a fit of drunken rage, and from the bridge a young woman plunges into the river, attempting to commit suicide. These are the two "sensations" of the piece, but several characters are well drawn, and there is much scope for good acting.

The authors of "Les Drame du Cabaret" appear to have started with a strong moral plan, though they worked it out, in some of its details, in a way which would not be tolerated by an English audience. Their object—after providing a long effective drama, the Parisian dramatist's first law—seems to have been to preach temperance alike to poor and rich. The prologue of the play—the usual *lever de rideau*—is a scene at a wine-shop, in which a crowd of workmen—all "jolly good fellows" in their own estimation—are shown the evils resulting from spending all their money in wine. Brutality, poverty, and crime are made to follow in the wake of hard drinking; but the dramatists have clipped their lesson to make their play popular with a mixed audience. They have never allowed the brutality to lead to death, the poverty to lead to the workhouse, nor the crime to go further than a temptation to commit murder, successfully resisted after a hard struggle. Here they will be at issue with the temperance associations, and the "Workmen of Paris" will probably not be welcomed with the same fervour which greeted "Janet Pride" on its first appearance.

In an upper stratum of society, where they have shown that wine-bibbing and other vices are equally indulged in, the dramatists have not felt the same necessity for tightening the reins. Fashionable vices and fashionable villains are always popular upon the stage, and when a difficulty arises it can easily be got over by murder or suicide. In most popular dramas the lower orders are seldom represented as speculating in murder on their own account—they are always led into such villany by a rich and fashionable tempter. The aristocracy of this new-old play get drunk, gamble, and bribe poor drunken labourers to stab seduced girls. The drunken labourers, of course, become sober and virtuous at the eleventh hour; the poor girl is saved, and married by her seducer; and baffled aristocracy, in the person of a young lady, stabs itself with a poisoned penknife.

There is little or no nature in an average Parisian production of this kind—we can hardly expect it: it is not demanded by audiences—

but there is a fair share of art. Most of the characters are the stock puppets of domestic drama, the exception being an old Dutch merchant, a calm, hard, sceptical man of the world, which is drawn with a great deal of literary skill. This is the character embodied by Mr. Webster, and, as far as clever artistic acting goes, it is the chief feature of the piece. Mrs. Stirling throws a great deal of homely force into the part of a drunken workman's wife, but the character has hardly variety enough, and is too much broken up into small pieces of dialogue to bring out all her strong qualities. Miss Woolgar is a little too flighty and spasmodic for a model heroine of domestic drama, but she acts with spirit. The rest of the characters are fairly cast and well sustained—Mr. John Clarke being honourably prominent in a quiet low comedy part, and Mr. Stuart effective as a drunken workman. The play, when much condensed, will probably be a success, chiefly owing, we think, to the two panoramic scenes we have mentioned, and to Mr. Webster's elaborate and forcible acting.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, we believe, have undertaken to remain at the St. James's Theatre under Miss Herbert's management, and Mr. Charles Mathews's second appearance in Paris is thus postponed *sine die*.

The engagement at Covent Garden of Donato, the one-legged dancer, for a sum which rumour fixes at £40 a night, or £240 a week, will doubtless provoke much animated discussion. Free-trade doctrines are not so well understood and accepted as most people imagine (we have still a protective duty of a shilling a quarter upon corn), and it was only the other day that the proprietor of a Liverpool theatre, who had filled his pit at stall prices, had to appease his pit audience, driven into the gallery, by promising to give his extra profits to the local charities. This was nothing less than an "O. P." riot in a milder form. Donato's salary will not be objected to in the same violent way, but thousands of well-meaning people will wonder why he gets it, and will confuse the question of payment with the question of artistic merit. There is no more connection, we need scarcely say, between these two things, than between the popularity of a drama and the excellence of a drama. Blondin was paid £100 a night, and Leotard from £30 to £40 a night, simply because they demanded such shares of the receipts as they felt they were able to command. They were paid according to their "drawing," not according to their artistic powers, and Donato will be paid on the same principle. John Kemble only got £30 a week, and Mrs. Siddons £25 a week at the same house, while Garrick, we are told, received less than £3 a night; but these facts only prove that large vulgar, gaping, uncritical audiences, such as are drawn together by one-legged cripples, are the most productive.

THE colossal statue of Hercules at Rome does not, it seems, progress very rapidly towards its restoration. It is at present reclining on a green table in a large room, where the process of drying it goes on, the metal being saturated with damp in consequence of having been so many ages in the water. A pan of charcoal is inserted into the hero's head every morning, and communicates a genial warmth to his whole bronze body. The terms on which the statue is to become the property of the Government are not yet arranged. The fortunate discoverer wishes to have a good sum down, besides an annuity, and the title of Marquis. The Art Commissioners have valued the statue at 45,000 scudi (nearly £10,000.)—*Express*.

THE reigning King of Wurtemberg, on the death of his father this summer, immediately countermanded all the commissions the old King had given to artists in Germany and abroad. Among the artists in Rome who have suffered from this piece of injustice is M. Frey, a Swiss landscape painter of great merit, who had just completed two views in Egypt at the especial request of the late King, which are now thrown back on his hands.

MENDELSSOHN'S "Elijah" will be performed at the National Choral Society's first concert this season, on Wednesday, the 14th, at Exeter Hall. In addition to Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Sims Reeves, the following artistes have been engaged:—Miss Palmer, Miss Palmer Lisle, Miss Annie Cox, Mr. Lewis Thomas, Mr. Fred. Walker, and Mr. Edward Murray. The band and chorus will consist of 700 performers, and the conductor will be Mr. G. W. Martin. The Christmas performance of the "Messiah," with Miss Louisa Pyne as principal soprano, is announced for Wednesday, the 21st.

A GRAND performance of the "Messiah" is announced for Wednesday next, for the numerous visitors to London during the Cattle Show week. The performance will take place at Exeter Hall. Conductor, Mr. G. W. Martin.

A SPANISH journal states that Madame Salvi, a rope-dancer, who has recently been performing with great success at Bilbao and other towns in Spain, met with a sad accident recently at Burgos. After walking along a tight rope, thirty feet from the ground, with a cannon-ball attached to each leg, she lost her balance when in the act of turning to repeat the feat, and fell with great violence into the orchestra, her head striking against a music-stand. Though she received two contusions, she was not seriously hurt, and will soon resume her performances; "solely prompted," one of the papers assures us, "by her intense amour de l'art."

THE Opera di Camera entertainment was brought to a close on Saturday last, after a very successful season, necessarily shortened in order to enable Mr. and Mrs. German Reed and Mr. John Parry (who have been too long away from the public) to reappear in a series of their most popular "Illustrations." Their entertainment, which commences next Monday evening, will consist of "The Rival Com-

posers;" "The Bard and his Birthday;" and Mr. Parry's descriptive song, "The Seaside, or Mrs. Roseleaf Out of Town." The selection is well adapted to display their talents to the best advantage, and will no doubt ensure them a favourable reception till Christmas, when we are promised another novelty.

SCIENCE.

IN our report of Mr. St. George Mivart's paper on the Lemuridae in our last number, one or two errors occurred which it is necessary to correct. In mentioning the characters which seem to separate the lemurs from the higher apes, we stated that the *foramen ovale* and sphenoidal fissure were continuous in the former, and that the anterior cornu of the hyoid bone was always longer than the posterior one in the latter. Both these statements were incorrect. In the Anthroidea the posterior cornu is always longer than the anterior one, and the *foramen rotundum* and sphenoidal fissure are distinct. The author has also requested us to observe that those distinctions are by no means the only ones, but are now given for the first time as diagnostic of the two groups.

A very interesting paper was lately read before the French Academy by M. Tresca. The subject was the "Flow of Solid Bodies submitted to Strong Pressure." It will be in the memory of those interested in the physical history of the earth that the celebrated theory of the movement of glaciers which was put forward some years since by Forbes, was based upon the supposition that in glaciers the particles of ice are not so firmly bound together as is generally believed, but that they have the power of flowing over each other. On this hypothesis he regarded the motion of an icy sea not as simply the sliding of the entire mass through the valley, but as the movement of a great mass of particles which have not only travelled over the land beneath but over each other also. In fact that a glacier was a very slow-flowing river, in which, as in a stream of water, the particles next the bank flowed less rapidly than those lying in the centre. It seemed hard to conceive that a substance whose particles possess such an intense power of cohesion as those of ice could be capable of flowing in the manner indicated; but the researches of M. Tresca show that even in metals the same phenomena appear. The results of numerous experiments showed him that, without undergoing any alteration of state, solid bodies flow from an orifice in exactly the same manner as liquids, when sufficient pressure is applied to them. The soft metals were those employed in his experiment, and from his numerous observations, he has arrived at the generalization that there is a unity of constitution in all matter, and that masses of the most solid metals are formed of separate and mobile molecules.

At the same meeting M. Decaisne made some remarks upon the influence of tobacco-smoke upon young boys. He referred more particularly to the children of artisans, who often present a peculiarly chloro-anemic condition, which he thinks is in great measure due to the influence of tobacco. The children even of peasants are liable to the same result when the same causes are brought into play.

M. Bertin has devised a new means of preparing flax by the adoption of which the old process of steeping may be dispensed with. After the fibres have been crushed in the ordinary way, they are submitted to a new process, that of friction between two channelled tables which have both a lateral and to-and-fro motion; in fact, an action similar to that of rubbing the fibres between the palms of the hand, but which takes place under considerable pressure and with great rapidity. The fibre is afterwards beaten in water, which carries off every particle of woody matter, and leaves the flax completely unbroken and in parallel masses. The principle of friction-tables has been applied by M. Bertin in other cases, and is said to furnish an economical, rapid, and perfect mechanical action. This gentleman has also adopted a new method of chemical steeping, to get rid of the resinous and other matter which attaches the fibre together; this is said to produce the required effect in less than two hours, and at a cost of 1s. 8d. per cwt. By M. Bertin's invention the yield of flax is raised from twelve or fifteen to seventeen and twenty-two per cent. The woody refuse, the result of the rolling of the fibres, is burnt in the boiler furnaces, and the ashes are restored with the water in which the fibre had been temporarily steeped, to the soil. In this way nearly all the inorganic materials which the crop had abstracted are returned to the land, and thus a valuable plant is extensively cultivated without exhausting the soil.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

THE second meeting of the present session of this Society was held at Burlington House on Monday evening the 28th instant, Sir R. I. Murchison, President, in the chair.

The first paper read was a narrative of an "Expedition across the Rocky Mountains into British Columbia, by the Yellow Head or Leather Pass," by Viscount Milton and Dr. Cheadle. Lord Milton and his companion set forth, in the spring of 1862, to cross the continent of North America, through British territory, with a view to discover a practicable route which should be free from the risks attendant on a road too near the United States boundary. The Leather Pass, which lies in the same latitude as the gold-district

of Cariboo, had been formerly used by the *voyageurs* of the Hudson's Bay Company; but the route from this to the settled parts of British Columbia by the headwaters of the Thompson River had never yet been trodden by a European. The travellers arrived at Fort Garry on the 7th of August, and after a severe winter passed at a solitary hunting-station near the north branch of the Saskatchewan, commenced their journey of exploration in the following April. The country between the Red River and the Rocky Mountains they described as extremely fertile; rich prairies, ready for the plough, being interspersed with woods rich in timber for building and fencing. Coal-beds and ironstone exist in several places; and, in short, when the obstructions put in the way of settlement by the governing power are removed, and communication established between Canada and British Columbia, this would become one of the most valuable portions of the British possessions. The road beyond Edmonton (the last station at which supplies can be obtained) was merely a pack-trail. At this place the party was finally formed: it consisted of seven persons, including a half-bred as guide, and an Indian, called "the Assiniboine," with his wife and son, who attended to the packhorses. During the following three weeks they progressed slowly over the spongy and boggy soil of the primeval forest, which stretches for 300 miles from Lake St. Ann to the foot of the mountains. They obtained their first view of the range on arriving at the banks of the Athabasca River, which emerges from the heart of the mountains through a narrow gorge, and on reaching the plains expands into a lake several miles in length. On its western bank is Jasper House, a summer station of the Hudson Bay Company, surrounded by snow-capped mountains. The scenery in the vicinity was described as most enchanting, all the lower slopes being covered with a carpet of wild flowers of the most varied colours. Three days' march from Jasper House brought them (on the 8th of July) to the watershed between the Pacific and Atlantic; and on the 10th they struck the Frazer River, which they found, even at this altitude, to be a stream of considerable size, rushing down a narrow rocky gorge. Here the great difficulties of the journey commenced, the only road being along the almost precipitous cliffs of the narrow river valleys. On the 17th two of the pack-horses slipped into the torrent, and were swept away in an instant. One of them was rescued by the heroism of the Assiniboine, but the other, carrying all the spare clothes, instruments, tea, salt, and nearly all the ammunition, was lost. Another accident which befel them three days afterwards, in crossing the Canoe River (a branch of the Columbia), nearly cost two of them their lives; for the raft became unmanagable, and plunging under the projecting trees on the banks, its living freight was swept off like flies. Lord Milton, with the Assiniboine's wife, clung to a tree overhanging the torrent, and were rescued some time after by their companions. From this stream the party crossed to the valley of the Thompson River, passing one of its sources; and following this for several days they finally came to a point where all traces of path entirely ceased, and an untrodden region of forest and torrent lay before them, which it was necessary to traverse in order to reach Kamloops, where alone they could obtain succour. They struggled through this difficult region for twenty-three days, living on their horses and the small quantity of flour that remained of their stock, and seven days afterwards they arrived, in an emaciated condition, at the Fort of Kamloops, where they were hospitably received by Mr. Mackay. With regard to the practicability of a road being taken across by the route they had come, Lord Milton believed that few engineering difficulties existed of any importance, but it would have to be made throughout the entire route between Edmonton and the valley of the Thompson. From Edmonton to Jasper House the surface is slightly undulating, the lower ground swampy, and everywhere covered with thick forest. From Jasper House, through the main ridge of the Rocky Mountains, the valley is for the most part wide and unobstructed, except by timber. The ascent to the height is very gradual, and the descent, though much more rapid, neither steep nor difficult. From Tête-Jaune's Cache (on the west of the main ridge) the only route runs along the narrow gorges of the Thompson, where the bottoms of the ravines are generally level. The great advantages of this line are that it lies far removed from the United States' boundary, passes through a country inhabited only by friendly Indians, and forms the most direct communication between Canada and the gold regions of British Columbia.

The next paper was "On the new country of North Australia discovered by Mr. John Macdonall Stuart," by Mr. Stuart. This was a brief account of the fertile region between the centre of Australia and the mouth of the Adelaide River, which had been explored by the author in his journey across the continent. The climate was healthy, and the land well adapted for European settlers, if Malays and Chinese could be introduced as a labouring class, in which there was no difficulty. The Adelaide River had 40 feet of water at a distance of eighty miles from its mouth, and its entrance formed a secure harbour. In concluding, Mr. Stuart said he should avail himself of his privilege as a discoverer, by giving a name to this region hitherto known only as North Australia. He proposed calling it "Alexandra Land," after Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.—Monday:—Medical Society. "On the Constitutional Character and Modifications of Skin Diseases." By Dr. Habershon.—Tuesday:—Anthropological Society, at 8 p.m. 1. "On the Contents of a Kist from Keiss, N.B." By Samuel Laing, Esq., F.G.S. 2. "On the Discovery of a Large Kistvaen in the

Muckle Hoog in the Island of Unst, Shetland." By George E. Roberts, Esq., F.G.S., Hon. Sec. A.S.L.; with Notes upon the Human Remains, by C. Carter Blake, F.G.S. 3. "On Tumuli from Cheltenham." By Dr. Bird. 4. "On some Prehistoric Hut Circles." By George E. Roberts, Esq. 5. "On some Ancient Skulls." By Dr. J. W. Smart. Communicated by the President.—Institution of Civil Engineers, at 8 p.m. 1. Discussion upon Mr. Clarke's Paper "On the Great Grimsby Docks." 2. "The River Tees, and the Works upon it, connected with the Navigation." By Joseph Taylor, Assoc. Inst. C.E.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE FINANCES OF THE NORTHERN STATES OF AMERICA.

At the moment of the advent of Mr. Lincoln to a post which in his hands should be rather described as that of chief captain than of chief magistrate, the Federated Northern States were practically free from debt. The individual States were indebted, but the Federal Government was, as we have said, practically free. By the last official statement for the month of October, we find that the Federation, if it is a federation, is indebted to the amount of \$2,017,099,515.75, say 2,017 millions of dollars, and that the increase of the debt for the month was over \$61,000,000, or to put this more roughly that the debt of the United States is progressing at the rate of about \$2,000,000 a day.

Up to the end of October the interest on this debt was \$56,646,000 payable in gold, and \$28,657,000 in greenbacks; and of this \$2,000,000 in gold, and \$1,500,000 in greenbacks, was due to the \$61,000,000 of debt incurred in October.

At the same time the unpaid requisitions on the Treasury were \$37,500,000, and the balance in hand \$27,000,000.

The more salient features of this statement, which contains only as much of the truth as the officials feel bound to disclose, will be better understood by some of our readers if we say that, by the end of October last, the Federal Government were charged with annual payments on account of debt to the tune of £11,000,000 in gold, and of £6,200,000 in greenbacks; and that they were increasing this annual charge at the rate of about £433,000 per month in gold, and of £325,000 in greenbacks. If this rate of raising money were continued until the end of next October, the interest of the Federal debt would be £16,200,000 in gold, and £10,100,000 in greenbacks.

We shall not attempt to moralize over these figures. The most violent Federal Unionist, and the heartiest English Abolitionist and admirer of the best of constitutions and governments, will not deny that it is a heavy load to carry. The English Peace Party may perhaps console themselves with the reflection that, whether the debt be paid or repudiated, the Northern States of the late Union will be crippled for aggressive warfare for some time to come. For if they pay their debts, they will hardly like the process so much as to incur fresh ones, and if they repudiate them, they will hardly be in sufficient credit to contract fresh ones. Looking at the aggressive character of the aspirations of the Northern Republicans, such a result must be especially welcome to us, against whom the direst threats of future vengeance have been directed. Making every allowance for the exaggeration of "tall talk," and the boastfulness of youth and prosperity, we cannot but congratulate ourselves, and for our excuse we must acknowledge that we are Englishmen, and neither democrats nor philosophers, nor, still less, professed philanthropists; that people who profess so much hatred to ourselves and our institutions are on the high road to what may turn out to be heavy recognizances to keep the peace, or incapacity to go to war for want of credit at home or abroad, according as they pay their debts or repudiate them.

This rapid creation of debt, unexampled in the history of any other nation, is, however, probably not the feature of the contest which will most tend to cripple the Northern States. They have displayed a marvellous energy in bringing all resources at their command, except temperance and sagacity, to the task of destruction. The Government, backed apparently by a majority of its constituents, has displayed boldness, energy, and ingenuity enough for half a dozen nations, but no statecraft, no moderation, no foresight. It has seen only one thing before it—the continuance of its own power or lease of office. It was thought that this could best be secured by rousing all the passions of the people, and it has avoided the idea of conciliation as fatal to its own prospects. In the prosecution of a mode of conducting the contest necessary for its own interests, it has sacrificed the constitution, the liberty of the people, of their representatives, and of the press. It has alienated the Border States and shaken the allegiance of the

Western States. Its only idea of conquest or of government is that by force of arms, and the military power of the Government is as supreme at New York as at New Orleans or at Atlanta. In each place it predominates absolutely over the civil power to the extent which it judges necessary for its purposes. Whatever may be the event of the war, the Government of Mr. Lincoln will have stirred all the worst passions of the middle-aged men, and educated the young in a contempt of the civil power and in the worst excesses of military licence. Peace will inundate the country with a lawless soldiery, whilst the decay of external commerce and of all the arts of industry not immediately applicable to destruction, will breed that internal discord which paralyzes the vital energy of a nation, and, if not arrested in time, leads to prostration or anarchy.

Such considerations are far more material towards forming a conclusion on the subject of American finance than the questions of the internal resources of a country, and the *a priori* willingness or ability of its inhabitants to bear the burden of a national debt. Whether the eighteen or twenty million inhabitants of the Northern States are rich or poor, honestly or dishonestly inclined, it is certain that on their own undisputed territory they have seen civil government, the liberty of election, the liberty of speech, and the liberty of the press, succumb to military violence, and that they have suffered all this loss, and incurred the debts we have spoken of for the subjugation of a people who would seem banded together as one man to defend their independence.

If we are right, then the question is not so much of the amount of debt which the Federal Government have incurred, nor of the means which might possibly exist to meet the annual charges thereon, nor even of the willingness of the people to submit to the taxation which would be necessary, but of the dissolution of the framework of civil government, of internal discord, of military violence, and of the decadence of the arts of peace. The Northern States might have incurred as heavy a debt, and might by military failures have incurred it without gaining the object sought to be obtained, and yet so great are their internal resources, might have commenced a new career of prosperity. But they have dreamed a dream of empire. A great Republic, one and indivisible, was to stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from pole to pole, and to give the law to the waning power of the time-honoured but *effete* monarchies of Europe. To this dream they have sacrificed their liberties, and their commercial prosperity, and their internal peace. But these were the very elements of all their past prosperity, and were to be the means of their aggrandisement.

It will be seen that we entertain no very hopeful expectations of the future financial position of the Northern States. In fact, we think of them much as we should of a great commercial firm whose partners had taken to fighting amongst themselves, and, whilst neglecting their ordinary business, had staked their means on some impossible enterprise which they appeared to follow in the style rather of the pirate than the merchant.

The quotation of gold at Paris is about 3 per mille premium, and the short exchange on London is 25.20 per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3.17s. 10½d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is about 2-10ths per cent. dearer in Paris than in London.

By advices from Hamburg the price of gold is 425 per mark, and the short exchange on London is 13.5½ per £1 sterling. Standard gold at the English Mint price is, therefore, about 3-10ths per cent. dearer in London than in Hamburg.

In the Stock Exchange money was more wanted, and 4 to 5 per cent. was given for short loans on English Government Securities. Some effect seems to have been produced by payments on the allotment of £400,000 Debenture Bonds of the Bombay, Baroda, and Central India Railway Company. There is also a demand in connection with the pending settlement in the Stock Exchange, and to pay for English Government stock recently sold.

The shares of the financial companies were heavy, upon the settlement. International and Imperial Mercantile fell 5s., and the other companies about 2s. 6d. The closing quotations are annexed, viz.—International, 2½ to 3 prem.; General Credit, 2½ to 3 prem.; London Financial, 9¼ to 10 prem.; Imperial Mercantile Credit, 3½ to 4 prem.; and Credit Foncier and Mobilier, 2½ to 3½ prem.

The Certificates of Debenture of the Atlantic and Great Western Railway were last quoted 7½ to 1½ prem.; the Subscription List closes to-day.

Canada Government Six per Cents., and Victoria Government Debentures were quoted rather lower.

United States 5.20 Bonds were dull at 40 to 41.

The half-yearly interest on the Bay of Havana and Matanzas (Cuba) Railroad, 7 per cent. loan of £250,000, 1861, due on the 15th December, will be paid on that day, and any succeeding day,

at the counting-house of Messrs. J. Henry Schröder & Co., 145, Leadenhall-street, between the hours of eleven and two o'clock. The coupons must be left for examination two clear days before applying for payment. The half-yearly interest on the Matanzas and Sabanilla (Cuba) Railroad, 7 per cent. loans of £200,000, 1853, and £300,000, 1863, due on the 15th December, will be also paid at same time and place.

The transactions in silver have been limited, owing to the scarcity of the metal, and the price has advanced to 5s. 1½d. ½ per ounce standard. Dollars have also been in active request at 5s. 1d. per ounce; and the inquiry for gold to send abroad has shown no abatement.

The accounts of the London Chartered Bank of Australia, to be submitted on the 9th December, state the balance of profit and loss in London and in the colonies for the half-year ending 30th June last, after deducting current expenses and Income-tax, and making provision for bad and doubtful debts, at £45,908, which becomes £53,757, adding the balance of £7,849, brought over from last account. This sum is to be appropriated as follows:—To dividend proposed to be paid, viz., 4 per cent. on the paid-up capital for the half-year ending the 30th June (free of Income-tax), £40,000; to amount proposed to be carried to the reserve fund this half-year, £5,000; balance to next half-year, £8,757. 6s. 9d.

The directors of the European Bank have issued a circular making a call of £4. 10s. per share, in which they say—"The rapid increase of the business of the bank requires that additional capital be placed at the disposal of the directors, in order that they may be in a position to take advantage of many proposals of sound and profitable business that are constantly brought under their notice. The directors have therefore thought it conducive to the interests of the shareholders that the amount that they are authorized by the articles of association to call be completed at once. The directors take this opportunity to assure the shareholders that the position of the bank is highly satisfactory, and that the business is daily becoming more important and remunerative in character."

In consequence of the arrangements recently entered into with the Italian Government for the sale of the Crown domains, the Italian Land Company have made a call of £5 per share.

The Board of Trade returns for the month of October have been issued. We subjoin a statement of the total declared value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures for the month and ten months in the last three years:—

	For the month.	For the ten months.
1862	£9,846,835	£103,519,269
1863	15,082,332	119,377,045
1864	12,871,491	136,275,652

The month's exports are shown to have been less by £2,310,841, or 14 per cent., than in the same month of 1863, but larger by £3,024,656, or 30 per cent., than in October, 1862; while, as regards the ten months' comparison, the increase is £16,898,607, or 14 per cent., over 1863, and £32,756,383, or 31 per cent. over 1862.

Messrs. J. M. Head & Co., bankers at Carlisle and elsewhere, have arranged to amalgamate with the Cumberland Union Banking Company, and the Amalgamated Bank is to be incorporated under the Companies Act of 1862. Messrs. J. M. Head & Co. have carried on their business for more than half a century, and the Cumberland Union Bank was established in 1829, and has a fixed note issue of £35,395. By this arrangement, the two oldest and largest banks in the county of Cumberland will be united.

A prospectus has been issued by the Imperial Ottoman Bank and Messrs. Stern Brothers of a loan of £916,000, for the United Danubian Principalities, to provide for the indemnity to be paid for the secularization of the convent property in those States. The bonds are to bear 7 per cent. interest, and to be redeemed at par in 22½ years by an annual sinking fund of 2 per cent., commencing in January next, and the issuing price is 86 or 83, reckoning accrued dividend from the 1st of September and the discount on instalments. At these terms, taking into consideration the operation of the sinking fund, the yield to the holder will be about 10 per cent. per annum. The annual amount required for the interest and sinking fund is £82,440, and the Customs revenues estimated to produce £332,100 per annum are assigned for the purpose, the requisite collections being paid monthly to the agency of the Imperial Ottoman Bank at Bucharest. This is the only foreign loan contracted by the Government of the Principalities, and the object to which it is applied is such as will add to the future resources of the country. The instalments extend to April next, and it is understood that more than half the amount has already been remitted by the contractors, so that its future effect on the money market will be comparatively small. The subscriptions to the United Danubian Principalities Loan are stated to be very numerous, and of a *bonâ fide* investing character. The influence of the parties supporting the operation, and the terms on which it is based, have secured it immediate countenance.

A meeting of the creditors of Messrs. Halliday, Fox, & Co., has been held at the offices of Messrs. Coleman, Turquand, Youngs, & Co., when the accounts presented showed unsecured liabilities to the extent of £319,300, and assets £307,900. It was resolved to wind up the estate under inspection, every confidence being expressed as to a favourable result.

In the port of London last week the general business exhibited less activity. At the Custom-house, 222 vessels were reported as having arrived from foreign ports. There were three from Ireland, but no colliers. The entire outwards comprised 126 vessels, and

those cleared 110, of which 16 were despatched in ballast. The departures for the Australian colonies have been three vessels, viz., two to Port Adelaide and one to New Zealand, with an aggregate tonnage of 2,619.

The Liverpool Chamber of Commerce have received a letter from the Foreign Office as to the ratifications of the treaty of commerce between France and Switzerland, by which the export duty on rags from France will be reduced from 12f. to 4f. per 100 kilogrammes, by successive diminutions spread over a period of three years, and in the advantages of which the United Kingdom will participate. The following is a copy of the letter:—"Foreign Office, Nov. 28.—Sir, I am directed by Earl Russell to acquaint you, for the information of the association over which you preside, that, since the date of the communication made to you on the 1st inst., her Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires at Paris was instructed to ascertain when the ratifications of the treaty of commerce between France and Switzerland would be exchanged, and also at what periods the gradual reductions of the duty on the export of rags from France under the treaty were to be effected. It appears from the answer which has been received from her Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires that the ratifications of the treaty were exchanged on the 24th inst., and that as regards the duty on export of rags from France, the following are the provisions of the tariff annexed to it, viz.:—"Chiffons de laine sans mélange, exempts. Autres chiffons et drilles* de toute espèce—Jan. 1, 1866, 9f.; Jan. 1, 1868, 8f.; Jan. 1, 1869, 4f., per 100 kilogrammes."—I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant, A. H. LAYARD."

The following are the different changes made in the rate of discount by the Banks of France and England for the last twelve months:—Bank of France—12th November, 1863, 7 per cent.; 24th March, 1864, 6 per cent.; 6th May, 7 per cent.; 10th May, 8 per cent.; 20th May, 7 per cent.; 26th May, 6 per cent.; 9th September, 7 per cent.; 14th October, 8 per cent.; 3rd November, 7 per cent.; 24th November, 6 per cent. Bank of England—20th January, 1864, 8 per cent.; 11th February, 7 per cent.; 25th February, 6 per cent.; 16th April, 7 per cent.; 30th April, 8 per cent.; 2nd May, 9 per cent.; 20th May, 8 per cent.; 26th May, 7 per cent.; 4th August, 8 per cent.; 8th September, 9 per cent.; 10th November, 8 per cent.; 24th November, 7 per cent.

It is stated that the liabilities of Messrs. Rougemont de Lowenberg & Co., who suspended at Paris on the 10th inst., amount to £296,000, and that the assets are estimated at £248,000. There is also a debt of £56,000 to the Libourne and Bergerac Railway, but the firm have a counter claim of £68,000 against that company.

According to the return issued by the French customs authorities, the value of goods seized for fraud during the year 1863 was nearly 740,000f. The most considerable items of the goods confiscated were—steel, of the value of 102,000f.; tobacco, 89,000f.; horses, 65,000f.; cotton goods, 22,000f.; sugar, 14,000f.; silks, 7,000f.; and coffee, 2,500f. In the exports the only article of consequence was rags, of the value of 7,000f.

It is stated that a Russian loan has been arranged with the house of Mendelssohn, of Berlin. It is to be a lottery loan, and therefore cannot be introduced on the English market, although it is probable that money may be indirectly withdrawn from this country for the loan.

The Bank of Holland has reduced its rate of discount from 7 to 6½ per cent.

ADVICES from Constantinople of the 16th of November state that at the last conference of the Ministers on the budget it was discovered, on a more exact review of the expenditure, that there would be a deficit in lieu of, as expected, a surplus on the year's financial account. A reduction in the various expenses, however, was to be made in order to balance the revenue and expenditure. In regard to the advance of £2,000,000 to the Government by the Société Générale Ottoman, we are told that it is to be a local loan, bearing 8 per cent. interest.

We learn that a treaty of commerce has been concluded between Spain and China.

The computed real value of merchandise imported into the United Kingdom from China in the year 1863 amounted to £14,195,549. This total is in excess of that in 1862 by upwards of two millions sterling, and of that in 1861 by more than five millions. This extraordinary increase is primarily due to the magnitude of our tea supplies, and, secondarily, to the introduction into the "returns" of a novel item, as regards China, in the shape of raw cotton; but the separate values of the articles for the year 1863 are not yet ascertainable. The declared value of British and Irish produce and manufactures exported to China last year amounted to £3,886,389; in 1862 to £3,137,342; and in 1861 to £4,848,657. On comparing the total of 1863 with that of 1861 a diminution of value is apparent to the extent of nearly one million, caused principally by the reduced shipments of cotton manufactures. From this one source, in 1862, a falling-off took place of very nearly two millions.

We are informed that negotiations are on foot between the Canadian Government and the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, which, if carried out, will be likely to promote the interests of the company.

THE differences between the Colonial and Jamaica Banks have been settled, and the arrangement for the purchase of the latter establishment by the former definitively ratified at a meeting of the Jamaica Bank shareholders, on the 26th ult., for the sum of £10,000.

ANNEXED is an extract of a late private letter from Australia:—"One of my friends in his last communication tells me an instance of an astounding increase in the value of mining shares which I have not seen alluded to anywhere. The shares in one of the quartz crushing companies at Daleysford were at £45; in twenty-four hours they advanced to £85, and in thirty-six to £500, with few if any sellers at that price!"

* Rags for Paper.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

CENTRAL ASIA.*

No mistake can be greater than that which represents the regions of Central Asia as impassable to an European in his proper character. As far back as the thirteenth century, two distinguished members of the Polo family traversed the whole of those countries from the Caspian Sea to China, and we are fully persuaded that the same thing might be done to-morrow without practising the perilous imposture which Mr. Vámbéry thought it necessary to play off. What was the traveller's real object does not appear; for we must be permitted to be sceptical on the point that it had connection with philology, or any other department of science. But we have no inclination to investigate this question; Mr. Vámbéry has written an interesting book, and in spite of the apathy too prevalent in English society on the interests of our Asiatic Empire, has pointed out the unquestionable danger which menaces that empire from the ambition of Russia. As politics, however, are not the chief subject of his work, whatever may have been the object of his journey, we shall not yield to the temptation to enter upon that vast field of discussion which a survey of our relations with Turkestan would open up. Mr. Vámbéry is an extremely lively narrator, who dwells with keen relish on all the incidents, pleasant or unpleasant, which befel a traveller, with perhaps a preference, upon the whole, for those of the latter class. No one can easily exaggerate the pangs of thirst; but either Mr. Vámbéry's constitution does not qualify him to travel in a hot country, or else he overloads his descriptions of the suffering inflicted by heat. It seems to us that, if you cover your head, even in the African Sahara, where sometimes the whole atmosphere appears on fire, there is not much to complain of, provided your water-skins be well replenished, your dromedary swift, and your health good. The writer is perhaps too young to allow of our attaching much weight to his opinions on national character, especially as they seem to be a little fluctuating. No doubt the Osmanlis upon the whole are preferable to the Persians as well as to the Affghans; but on the banks of the Bosphorus the careful observer will not fail to discern many of the national characteristics which meet his eye at Samarcand. The most noticeable fact in the actual condition of Asia is the outworn character of everything. All you see is old, worm-eaten, on the point of crumbling to dust—institutions, religions, together with the whole framework of society, indicating distinctly that a general break-up is at hand. One thing is extremely praiseworthy in Mr. Vámbéry—he is grateful for favours received, and dwells with eloquence on the hospitality of his hosts wherever he experienced the effects of that virtue. We ourselves are partial to the Orientals, and our traveller's experience tends rather to strengthen than to enfeeble that feeling. The complete success of the deception he practised on them, except in one or two instances, may suffice to show how simple and trustful they are, since, had they been at all suspicious or keensighted, they would soon have seen through his disguise. But, though in this particular he overreached them, he was not by any means insensible to their kindness and attachment; and one of the pleasantest passages in his work is that in which he describes his taking leave at Samarcand of the companions of his toils and dangers:—

"The hour of departure was at hand. My pen is too feeble to convey any adequate idea of the distressing scene that took place between us; on both sides we were really equally moved. For six long months we had shared the great dangers of deserts, of robbers, and inclement weather. What wonder if all difference of position, age, and nationality had been lost sight of, and if we regarded each other as all members of a single family? Separation was, in our case, equivalent to death. How could it be otherwise in these countries, where there was positively not even a hope of seeing each other again? My heart seemed as if it would burst, when I thought that I was not permitted to communicate the secret of my disguise to these, my best friends in the world, that I must deceive those to whom I owed even my life. I tried to imagine a way—I wished to make trial of them; but religious fanaticism, to be found sometimes even in civilized Europe, has a fearful influence upon the Oriental, and particularly so upon the Islamite.

"My confession, in itself a capital offence by the law of Mohammed, might not perhaps, for the moment, have severed all ties of friendship; but how bitterly, how dreadfully would my friend Hadji Salih, who was so sincere in his religious opinions, have felt the deception! No, I determined to spare him this sorrow, and to save myself from any reproach of ingratitude. He must, I thought, be left in the fond delusion.

"After having commended me to some pilgrims, whom I was to accompany to Mecca, as their very brother, son in fact, as one whom they most valued, they accompanied me after sunset to the outside of the city gate, where the cart that my new companions had hired for the journey to Karshi was waiting for us. I wept like a child when, tearing myself from their embraces, I took my seat in the vehicle. My friends were all bathed in tears, and long did I see them—and I see them now—standing there in the same place, with their hands raised to heaven, imploring Allah's blessing upon my far journey. I turned round many times to look back. At last they disappeared, and I found I was only gazing upon the domes of Samarcand, illuminated by the faint light of the rising moon!"

* Travels in Central Asia. Being the Account of a Journey from Teheran across the Turkoman Desert, on the Eastern Shore of the Caspian, to Khiva, Bokhara, and Samarcand, performed in the Year 1863. By Arminius Vámbéry, Member of the Hungarian Academy of Pesth, by whom he was sent on this Scientific Mission. London: Murray.

In reference to the picturesque, Mr. Vámbéry's language is rather suggestive than descriptive; for occasionally, with a very few sentences, he calls up before our fancy a glowing landscape, which, if we pause to examine his language, fades away like a mirage. We could instance his description of the approach to and departure from Teheran:—

"What wonder that I was somewhat in the condition of a half-boiled fish, when on the 13th July, 1862, I approached the capital of Persia? We stopped at a distance of a couple of English miles on the banks of a stream, to let our beasts drink. The halt awakened my companions, who, still sleepily rubbing their eyes, pointed out to me how Teheran was there lying before us to the north-east. I looked about me, and perceived in that direction a blue smoke rising and lengthening in long columns upwards, permitting me, however, here and there to distinguish the outline of a glittering dome, till at last, the vaporous veil having gradually disappeared, I had the enjoyment, as Persians express themselves, of beholding before me, in all her naked wretchedness, the Darül Khilafe, or Seat of Sovereignty."

"Our march was directed towards the north-east from Teheran to Sari, which we were to reach in eight stations. We turned therefore towards Djadgerud and Firuzkuh, leaving Taushantepe, the little hunting-seat of the king, on our left; and were, in an hour, at the entrance of the mountainous pass where one loses sight of the plain and city of Teheran. By an irresistible impulse I turned round. The sun was already, to use an Oriental expression, a lance high; and its beams illuminated, not Teheran alone, but the distant gilded dome of Shah Abdul Azim. At this season of the year, Nature in Teheran already assumes all her green luxuriance; and I must confess that the city, which the year before had made so disagreeable an impression upon me, appeared to me now dazzlingly beautiful. This glance of mine was an adieu to the last outpost of European civilization. I had now to confront the extremes of savageness and barbarism. I felt deeply moved; and that my companions might not remark my emotion, I turned my horse aside into the mountainous defile."

Journeying northwards, he traverses the vast chain of the Elburs, and, through the forests and flowery meadows of Mazenderan, approaches the Caspian shores, where, properly speaking, the purpose of his mission begins. With the Turkomans, a host of travellers have rendered us familiar; with Khiva and Bokhara also we have long been well acquainted; but when we push on further towards the east, and approach the city of Timúr and Baber Khan, whence the latter set out with a handful of followers for the conquest of India, we tread on comparatively new ground. Here is the sepulchre of the great conqueror, who, gathering around him, by a splendid effort of genius, the hordes of the desert, burst forth like a whirlwind to subdue the whole of Western Asia, and send before him terror into the heart of Europe. He it was who carried about with him the Sultan of the Osmanlis in a cage, who piled up a pyramid of human heads at the gate of Damascus, at the very mention of whose name the whole continent of Asia trembled, and who returned, when he had fulfilled his devastating task, to lay his dust by that of his spiritual father, at Samarcand. Here he now sleeps peacefully in his rough, rude home beyond the Himalaya; and, whether consciously or unconsciously, it was to visit the sepulchre of this stormer of cities, with whom the Hungarian race has probably some affinity, that Mr. Vámbéry put on the dervish's weeds, and journeyed eastwards in filth and rags. Almost the last outbreak of Asiatic heroism was in the person of Baber, the poet, the statesman, the soldier, the founder of empires, and the passionate and loving friend, who has embalmed the memory of his kindred and intimates in immortal memoirs. To go over the scenes where this great man passed his youth must be no slight pleasure, especially to us who are now enjoying the inheritance of his family, the last representative of which we may almost be said to have kept, as Timúr kept Bayazid, in a cage. Hence the peculiar interest of Mr. Vámbéry's work, which is full of pleasant passages, strange encounters, and curious anecdotes. At Herat it appears that he was mistaken for an Englishman by the young prince, a youth of sixteen, who, having seen innumerable examples of our white faces, immediately discerned the traits of consanguinity in the blonde Hungarian; and he would have been detected with equal ease at Bokhara and Khiva, had the type of the European countenance been at all familiar to their rulers and people. He observes, very justly, that the dress of the Prince of Herat may be regarded as a symbol of the new civilization of Western Asia—European at the top, but profoundly indigenous below. Yet it is something to have made a beginning—to have put on the European coat, to have subdued the Oriental repugnance to buttons, to be slowly approximating to the hat, that grotesque and ugly symbol of social advancement. Our readers will perceive that Mr. Vámbéry opens to them a new chapter in Oriental history; for he finds Herat in the possession of the Affghans, after having been wrested from the Persians. Looking back a few years, when it was before in the hands of the same people, we perceive an army of 40,000 Persians before its walls, aided by the most skilful foreign engineers, and a Russian general disguised as an ambassador. What happened then? After numerous fierce assaults, carried on for nearly six weeks, that immense host was constrained to raise the siege, and retreat, baffled and humiliated, into Iran, because there was a single Englishman in the city who directed the defence of the works, and outgeneralled Count Simonich and the best officers in the service of the Shah. To show what influence we then exerted in Central Asia, we are tempted to relate an anecdote. It had been told our envoy in Persia that a number of Russian officers, disguised partly as mer-

chants, partly, like Mr. Vámbéry, as dervishes, had joined a caravan moving towards Kokand. Their intentions, which could not be disguised, justified our having recourse to strong measures. We therefore despatched a messenger to a renowned Turkoman chief, informing him of the booty which on a certain day would be placed within his reach if he kept his eye on a certain pass. He took the hint, and, as the caravan was toiling along, and the Czar's emissaries were congratulating themselves that they had reached the scene of their secret machinations against England, the Turkomans burst from their hiding-places, poured down into the valley, and swept off the Russian merchants, dervishes, and camel-drivers into slavery, where they probably still are. In harmony with this brief narrative, there are numerous anecdotes in Mr. Vámbéry's volume which, after having explained the mode of capture, illustrate the life to which the wretched sufferers are condemned.

But enough of this. Let us select a few passages, to show by example of what materials Mr. Vámbéry's lively and interesting volume is in great part composed:—

"A wearisome task for man and beast was the ascent, nearly 300 feet long, that led up to the plateau. I was told that its north side had an approach equally steep and high. The whole presents an extraordinary spectacle; the land on which we stand, as far as the eye can reach, seems to raise itself like an island out of the sea of sand. One cannot discern the limit either of the deep trench here or of that on the north-east; and if we can credit the assertion of the Turkomans, both are old channels of the Oxus, and Kafilankir itself was formerly an island surrounded on all sides by these cuttings. Certain, however, it is that the entire district is very distinguishable from the rest of the desert by its soil and vegetation, and the number of animals with which it abounds. We had before occasionally met with gazelles and wild asses, single and separate, but how astounded I was to find them here by hundreds and grazing in large herds. I think it was during the second day passed by us on the Kafilankir, that we perceived, about noon, an immense cloud of dust rising towards the north. The Kervanbashi and the Turkomans all grasped their arms; the nearer it approached, the greater grew our anxiety. At last we could distinguish the whole moving mass; it seemed like a rank or column of squadrons on the point of charging. Our guides lowered the points of their weapons. I strove to remain faithful to my Oriental character and not to betray my curiosity, but my impatience knew no bounds; the cloud came nearer and nearer; at a distance of about fifty paces we heard a clatter as if a thousand practised horsemen had halted at the word of command. We saw a countless number of wild asses, animals in good condition and full of life, standing still, ranged in a well-formed line. They gazed intently at us a few moments, and then, probably discovering of how heterogeneous a character we were, they again betook themselves to their flight, hurrying with the swiftness of arrows towards the west."

By way of contrast, we borrow a passage describing an encounter with a wild man:—

"The desert and its inhabitants are really singular and extraordinary. The reader will be still more surprised when I relate to him what we witnessed this same evening. When it became cooler I dismounted with the Kervanbashi and some other Turkomans, in search of some rain-water that we hoped to find. We were all armed, and each went in a different direction. I followed the Kervanbashi; and we had advanced perhaps forty steps, when the latter observed some traces in the sand, and in great astonishment exclaimed, 'Here there must be men.' We got our muskets ready, and, guided by the track, that became clearer and clearer, we at last reached the mouth of a cave. As from the prints in the sand we could infer that there was but a single man, we soon penetrated into the place, and I saw, with indescribable horror, a man—half a savage, with long hair and beard, clad in the skin of a gazelle—who, no less astonished, sprang up and with levelled lance rushed upon us. Whilst I was contemplating the whole scene with the greatest impatience, the features of my guide showed the most imperturbable composure. When he distinguished the half-savage man, he dropped the end of his weapon, and murmuring in a low voice, 'Amanbol' (peace be unto thee!) he quitted the horrible place. 'Kanli dir, he is one who has blood upon his head,' exclaimed the Kervanbashi, without my having ventured to question him. It was not till later that I learnt that this unhappy man, fleeing from a righteous vendetta, had been for years and years, summer and winter, wandering round the desert; man's face he must not, he dares not, behold!"

As Mr. Vámbéry's volume abounds with striking passages, we might easily extract a dozen columns; but we restrict ourselves to one quotation more, which conveys an admirable picture of the march of a timid caravan through the desert by night. The travellers, it will be perceived, are leaving the fresh, sweet waters of a river to plunge into the thirsty wilderness:—

"With unutterable regret our eyes rested on the Oxus, that became more and more remote, and shone doubly beautiful in the last beams of the departing sun. Even the camels, who before we started had drunk abundantly, kept their eyes, so full of expression, for a long, long time turned in the same direction!"

"A few stars began to gleam in the heavens when we reached the sandy desert. We maintained the stillness of death during our march, in order that we might escape the notice of the Turkomans probably then in our vicinity. They might, perhaps, not see us on account of the darkness of the night, the moon not rising till later. We wished also that no sound might betray our position to them. On the soft ground the tread of the camels produced no echo. We feared, however, that some freak of braying might occur to our asses, for their voices would echo far and wide in the still night. Towards midnight we reached a place where we were all obliged to dismount, as both asses and camels were sinking down to their knees in the fine sand.

This, indeed, formed there an uninterrupted chain of little hills. In the cool night march I could just manage to tramp on through this endless sand; but towards morning I felt my hand beginning to swell from continually resting upon my staff. I consequently placed my baggage on the ass, and took its place upon the camel; which, although breathing hard, was still more in his element in the sand than I with my lame leg."

From what we have said, the reader will conclude that a large amount of amusement and instruction is to be derived from Mr. Vámbéry's volume, which is written in an easy, cheerful style, and illustrated with numerous clever and characteristic lithographs. In the second part, the writer throws together in a condensed form his ideas of the people of Central Asia, which may be compared with the separate indications contained in the narrative.

THE MUSIC OF THE ANCIENTS.*

INQUIRIES into the state and conditions of musical art in ancient times possess an interest alike for the technical student and for those who take a larger and more comprehensive view of intellectual and scientific progress. Without going so far as to say with the Greek philosopher (whose remark, it is said, was anticipated by Confucius) that the good or bad government of a people may be judged of by the merits of their music, it is important, as associated with the general civilization and refinement of a bygone nation, as well as bearing on the antecedents of the art itself, that all possible information in illustration thereof should be carefully accumulated and stored for the use of the musical historian. All facts relating to musical instruments and the mode of performing on them have, therefore, a distinct and appreciable value as distinguished from mere disquisitions and rhapsodies on the supposed sensational effects and influences of an art, the ancient conditions of which cannot, with any authority, be judged with reference to those which govern modern music. The innumerable treatises which have been written to prove that the music of ancient Greece was far superior to any form of the modern art, and capable of effects unknown in later times, have had no more solid basis than the rapturous expressions of contemporary encomiasts, who, when speaking of the sublimity of music, were in reality describing the impression produced by the combination of poetry with music—the two being, in those times, inseparably connected, and indeed always taught together. There seems now to be little doubt that the so-called music of the Greeks fulfilled none of the requirements of the modern art, but was merely a species of measured recitative—a kind of highly coloured declamation, subject to fixed and arbitrary laws, and by means of which their grand and impressive poetry received additional force in its influences on large masses of hearers. All speculations as to the details of the art are invalidated by the fact that there is no intelligible musical manuscript in existence of greater age than some eight centuries or so; and, although it has been asserted that some of the oldest chants of the Roman Catholic Church are fragments of Greek music that have been handed down traditionally, there is no basis of proof for the assertion, and, if there were, it would only serve to confirm the most probable hypothesis that Greek music was a kind of bold, rugged, declamatory recitative. As to the instruments of ancient times, although there is no doubt that many of them were analogous to some of those in present use, there seems to be no ground for supposing that they were employed otherwise than in the simplest manner; either as supports and aids to vocal performance, or in marches and processions, sometimes with a rhythmical accompaniment of clapping of hands, in situations and under circumstances where noise and distinctly-marked and measured time would be the chief requisites. It results from all inquiries on these subjects, that there is no evidence of music having assumed any of its highest functions, as an independent expression of sentiment and passion, before the commencement of its development in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. With the church music of Palestrina, the improvement of the organ, and the impetus given to the cultivation of secular music, as a distinct style, by the then newly-created opera, arose a power of varied musical expression which has been ever since progressing and developing simultaneously with the continual improvements and enlarged capabilities of musical instruments. No past discoveries, however interesting in themselves, have sufficed to show any analogy between the capabilities of ancient music (as a separate art, detached from poetry) and those subtle and special powers which it is the peculiar province of modern music to exercise. Nor does it seem probable that any future discoveries can disturb the reasonable theory that ancient music was chiefly used as a subsidiary to poetical declamation; or, when merely instrumental, was limited to the simplest, if not the crudest, effects. It is dangerous to assume that tunes now in use among a people, even so unchanging a nation as the Chinese, are identically the same as the tunes of two thousand years since. Many of our finest English psalm tunes, only some two centuries old, have become so changed by interpolations of notes and alterations of rhythm as to be scarcely recognisable. In the case of ancient musical instruments, although the remains or contemporary representations of them are direct and undoubted evidence, it would be just as unsafe to infer, from their similarity in some instances to modern instruments, that they were associated with a style of musical composition analogous to that of

* The Music of the most Ancient Nations; particularly of the Assyrians, Egyptians, and Hebrews; with Special Reference to Recent Discoveries in Western Asia and in Egypt. By Carl Engel. London: Murray.

modern music. It would be as illogical as to suppose, from the presence of writing materials among a primitive people, the existence of a literature like our own. We have said thus much because there is a tendency in all antiquarian research to confound the means with the end, and to found on discoveries, in themselves of much interest, conclusions which are by no means warranted. Making some deduction for a slight tendency this way on the part of Herr Engel, his book may be pronounced one of the most valuable works that have been contributed to musical antiquarianism. In no other instance that we are acquainted with is to be found so comprehensive a collection of facts and authorities relating to the music of the Assyrians, the Egyptians, and the Hebrews; while the excellent accompanying illustrations (ninety-six in number) and the musical specimens, together with that indispensable (but sometimes absent) feature, a good index, combine to render the volume as complete as it is interesting.

Herr Engel gives great prominence to the instruments of the Assyrians, whose "musical acquirements," he infers, "were considerably in advance of those of some nations of the present day." Although this does not assign a very definite position to Assyrian music, there can be no doubt, from the recent discoveries at Nineveh, and the records there found, that the instruments in use among that people were of a kind and capacity superior to any previously entertained notion on the subject. The drawings of harps, lyres, pipes, flutes, and various other instruments, taken from ancient sculptures, sufficiently attest this; and the author's remarks, contrasting and comparing these with similar instruments in use among the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Jews, are full of valuable information and interest. Equally valuable are Herr Engel's remarks on the ancient musical scales, especially that which he terms the "pentatonic," from its consisting of only five notes of the modern diatonic scale—that is, omitting the fourth and seventh; being, in fact, the scale on which are formed several of the old Scotch and Irish tunes still extant, among others that beautiful melody known by the English title (if we remember rightly) of "A Rose-tree in Full Bearing." The identity of this scale with that from which most of the Chinese melodies are formed is one of the curiosities of musical history. Unmusical readers may readily illustrate this scale by striking successively the black keys of the pianoforte. Herr Engel has also some interesting observations on the origin of the early types of the violin species, which he considers, and with apparent reason, to have been derived from Oriental sources, in opposition to the generally-received opinion—quoting the various opinions of M. Fétis on the subject, and pointing out the contradictory statements of that much over-rated authority on musical subjects. Herr Engel's book (which, by-the-by, deals rather with the musical instruments than, as indicated by the title, with the music of the ancients) is so full of sterling matter that we anticipate much from his promised work on national music. The author's apology, in his preface, for a foreigner's English was scarcely needed, as the book is written throughout with clear, intelligible, and unpretending correctness. The work is beautifully printed and embellished; and, as before said, forms a volume of far more than mere fugitive or technical interest.

ABBOT'S CLEVE.*

BELONGING to a class of novels to which the title of "detective" has been aptly given, "Abbot's Cleve" has a distinct character of its own. The difference, in point of treatment, between it and the works of the masters of "detective" fiction, Wilkie Collins, Shirley Brooks, and Miss Braddon, is, in fact, fundamental;—that is to say, from first to last, the author hardly appears in the book. Told in the form of a narrative, the story—well and ingeniously constructed as it is, as to plot—is made to obey no law but that of natural sequence and progression. There is no ever-present "gentleman from Scotland-yard" to shape the order of the incidents at his will and pleasure, and compel the reader to wait upon him breathlessly—or wearily, as the case may be—while he, with professional pride and phlegm, displays to the full his resources in the hunting down of a criminal or the clearing up of a mystery. Mystery, at least in the eyes of the reader, there is none in "Abbot's Cleve." A great crime is committed, and suspicion falls upon an innocent person; but the reader is not for a moment played with; he knows who is guilty, who innocent, and his interest is naturally enlisted and sustained while the criminal is being traced. On one point only is he artfully kept in doubt until the end of the story, and that is the motive for the perpetration of the crime; the revelation is made at just the right moment, but apparently without the least attempt at producing a *coup de théâtre*, and the method of its production is in every way more satisfactory than the "detective" mode of procedure. Doubtless the effect achieved is not nearly so sensational; on the other hand, it is infinitely more in unison with ordinary experience, and certainly more in accordance with the spirit of true art. But, if less exciting than the so-called sensational novel, the interest of "Abbot's Cleve" is of a more legitimate kind and sustained by more legitimate means; few readers will leave the story unfinished after once beginning to read it; few, we imagine, will reach the end without feeling that the author has done his work with taste and judgment. It may be truly said that he has produced nothing absolutely new either in plot or character, and that, beyond question, his knowledge of life is

very limited. But he evidently does not pretend to creative power; the few observations he permits himself to make are sensible rather than deeply penetrative, and they never go beyond the occasion which calls them forth; and withal, he exhibits a certain carefulness as to style, which is at once suggestive of respect for his reader, and of honest artistic culture in himself. It is something to meet with a new writer having even these merits; and we shall be disappointed, we confess, should the promise which they seem to imply not be fulfilled by some work of larger design and more finished treatment than the present.

We should be doing the author of "Abbot's Cleve" an injustice were we to give more than an indication of the nature of the secret which forms the core of his plot; but we may, in perfect fairness to him, go to a considerable length without at all trenching on his right to enlighten his readers at his own time and in his own manner. As we have before said, his time is perfectly well chosen, and, we may add, his manner is as agreeable as need be. His first chapter is called "Pantomime," and, as it were, gives the key-note of the tragedy of which it is the prologue. On a stormy night, towards the end of summer, within a closely-curtained room, on the hearth of which a wood fire blazes, obviously not for the sake of the warmth it throws out, a man is seated before an open desk, from which he takes some half-dozen letters, and, after reading them again and again, throws them one by one into the flames, and watches them as they are being consumed. A lock of hair and a portrait are destroyed by him in the same way. He then looks up the desk, and sits down to think; and, as the moments pass, a sinister expression deepens in his eyes. Afterwards he gets up, and goes across the room to a closet, in the recesses of which he finds a small chest, which he takes to the table. With a key which he carries in his pocket he opens this mysterious box; but before touching its contents he goes to the door of the room, and satisfies himself that it is securely fastened. From a number of phials which the box contains, he selects one; then he turns to the bookshelves which surround the room, and takes down a volume of a Medical Cyclopædia. After turning to a certain passage in the book, and reading with eager interest for a few minutes, he restores the volume to its place on the book-shelf with a satisfied air. Then he makes a small and scarcely perceptible pencil-mark on the label of the phial, muttering as he does so: "To be used in case of need." The man thus darkly employed is Count d'Almonti, claiming to be of the oldest nobility of Italy, and the husband of the rich heiress of "Abbot's Cleve." His wife is a feeble-minded, vain, and capricious woman, who had married him, more than anything, for his title. While treating her with the most marked courtesy, he has gradually used himself to live almost apart from her. To break the tedium of her daily life, the countess sends to invite a cousin of hers, named Florence, to whom, in default of issue on the side of the countess, the Abbot's Cleve property is left in remainder. During the visit of Florence—made miserable by the preposterous exactions and ill-temper of her cousin—an event occurs. A certain Eustace Vaughan, a former lover of the Countess, comes to Abbot's Cleve to take leave of her, previous to starting for Australia. The Count watches the effect produced upon his wife by this person's presence, and becomes convinced that his wife has dishonoured him. The two men go away to a distant part of the country, for the purpose of having a few days' shooting; the Count returns alone, the understanding with the Countess having been that Eustace Vaughan would go on board ship without returning to Abbot's Cleve. Soon after the Count's return home, his wife is attacked with a mysterious malady, which puzzles the doctors called in to attend upon her, and defeats their utmost skill. In the mean time, the discomfort of Florence's position has become almost intolerable, and she is about to leave the house, in company with a young man to whom she is engaged, and who has come to fetch her, when, moved and softened by her illness, and preyed upon by a mysterious dread of being left entirely to the care of her servants, the Countess begs of her to remain, at least for one night longer. At the sight of her cousin's suffering, Florence consents not only to remain at Abbot's Cleve, but to pass the night in an adjoining room—the Countess being filled with horrible fancies that her bedside is nightly visited by a shadowy form. Florence agrees to keep watch for her, and to let no one know that she has done so. The discovery which she makes will be immediately guessed. Count d'Almonti, after destroying Eustace Vaughan, is working out the doom of vengeance he has pronounced upon his wife, and killing her with nightly doses of slow poison. Looking into the sick chamber from the darkness of the room in which she is secretly keeping watch, Florence sees him tamper with a bottle of medicine standing on a table by the Countess's bedside, and then steal noiselessly out of the room. She had examined this medicine a little time before, and now eagerly seizes the phial to see what has been done to it. Something has been added to it; poison, she naturally concludes. Half bewildered with terror, her only distinct idea is to take the deadly draught out of reach of the Countess. She snatches up what she thinks is the phial containing it, and hurries to her own room, where, exhausted by fatigue and emotion, she sinks into a heavy sleep. When she wakes on the following morning it is to find the house in commotion, the Countess dead, and to discover that the phial which she had carried away from the sick chamber was not the one she had intended to secure. Terrified by the course of these dark events, she is eagerly waiting to see her lover, and take counsel of him, when she is confronted by an unexpected visitor—Matthew Turner, the late Countess's coachman. From this man she learns that her actions during the past night have been watched by him, and that, upon his story being told, she must inevitably

* Abbot's Cleve; or, Can it be Proved? Three vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

be suspected of having murdered her cousin. He believes her to be guilty, but offers to sell her his silence, allowing her no time for reflection, however. Overwhelmed by what appears to her the unanswerable evidence of her guilt, she agrees to purchase his secrecy. From that moment she is at the mercy of circumstances—helpless, the slave of a taskmaster, committed to a life of deception. Her reason urges her to break off her engagement to her lover, but she has not sufficient strength of purpose. A coroner's jury bring in an open verdict, and Count d'Almonti goes away to London to lead a life of almost poverty, declining to take the smallest advantage of his position as the late master of Abbot's Cleve. Florence is mistress of the old estate, and in due time is married to her lover; but on her wedding-day the following letter is placed in her hands:—

“(Private & Konfidenshal.)”

“Miss,—This is tu say i hav bin mutch serprised att nut Heering from U afoar now as i think wood hav bin Moar ackordin tu the undurstandding Betwickst us Me and muther hav bin in Owr nue hows six weex cum nex toosday and du nut find itt Kumfurtubble att all Thair is sevin broackin Slaits on the rufe wich is very onplesent and letts warter in Tu plaices. Thair is a pain broack in the Kitchin winder and Tu kracked uppstares likeways the floaring Wonts reppare being Verry kreaky. also Three rails owt of bannister. i may say D^o. as tu Fernitur Tu taibles has a Legg apeace short every 1 of the Chares wonts Looking tu and the Kitchin kettle leeks Dredfull, likewise krockery in a stait moar eesy imadgined than Described with Simmiler Itums by the Scoar wich nut being reddy with my penn i shall decist frum menshunning but expeck U tu loock tu. I hav bin very mutch DisApointed and am verry oneesy in my Konshenz About the undurstandding U no of I feal I hav dun Verry rong and thees affliions is A judgment. Sumtims i think i had best Tell the trooth att Wunce. Perraps U will lett me no what U think of this and then i kann maik upp my Mind A fue pownda meantim will be axcepttable and mite maik me feal Easier on the subjick. U must cum and Talck this Over with me Verry soon as thair is nothing like pursinnull Xplanashuns in sutch matters and i am nut Going to stand no Moar Trifling and Nonsenz. This is all Att pressent frum

“Konfidenshally Ures

MAT TURNER.”

Not long after she is married, the insolent and exacting behaviour of this man attracts her husband's attention, and ultimately makes him aware of the frightful accusation ready at any moment to be brought against her. Convinced by his wife's prevarications, when questioned, as to the nature of Matthew Turner's communications with her, he flies from her in despair, and goes to Australia.

We here reach a point in the story beyond which we do not think it fair to go. Of course all experienced novel-readers will expect Florence's innocence to be made manifest to her husband. That is the difficulty which has to be surmounted. Surmounted it is, and with an extraordinary display of tact and ingenuity. Every link in the chain of evidence against Count d'Almonti is carefully worked out, and that without too much clatter of machinery or impertinent demonstration on the part of the fabricator. From beginning to end, in fact, the conduct of the story is entirely natural and unforced, and clearly indicates, on the part of the author, the possession of a faculty without which his skill in the construction of ingenious plots would be comparatively ineffectual. His “Abbot's Cleve” is very good, but we expect to see still better work of his.

COMMERCIAL HISTORY.*

Of all the enterprises which have distinguished mankind since the creation of the human race, commerce is perhaps entitled to the foremost rank, as the most important, the most enlightened, and the most influential in the spread of knowledge and civilization, and in bringing about social and friendly intercourse amongst different nations. This agent, it has been truly said, is a peaceful, but at the same time an immense, revolution in civilized society. In the volume before us, Mr. J. Hamilton Fyfe has given a concise and compendious history of the most striking and prominent events connected with commerce and its influence on humanity in all countries, from the very earliest ages to our own times. In treating of the commercial progress of some states and towns, Mr. Fyfe has to a considerable extent narrated the history, and, in some instances, given a geographical description, of the country or city itself; but this is in a great measure indispensable, for, as he observes in his opening chapter, “The history of commerce is, in other words, the history of the intercourse of nations and the progress of civilization. The exchange of goods leads directly to the exchange of ideas. Thus we shall find that the great seats of trade have been also the nurseries of science, art, and letters.” India, or Hindostan, appears to have been the earliest of the trading nations, as it was likewise one of the first seats of luxury and refinement, and of industrial art and science. From the most remote period to which its history can be traced, it will be found that Hindostan had always an extensive commerce, and it is remarkable that the *modus operandi* of many of its industrial occupations has continued unchanged for several ages, the Hindoo weaver of wool at the present day still spinning with his distaff and spindle, and subsequently working with his hand-loom, as his ancestors used to do many generations back. India has likewise been, from time im-

memorial, famous for her jewels, especially diamonds and pearls, the states of Vizapore, Sumbulpore, and Golconda, having produced some of the finest specimens of the former in the world. “It is curious,” says Mr. Fyfe, “to notice the early association of commerce and devotion.” The avowed object of the merchants' pilgrimages was the execution of some sacred duty; but the devotees never failed to derive pecuniary as well as religious advantage from their journeys, either by selling their wares or making purchases. Hence, almost all the great trading towns of ancient India were considered sacred cities. In his account of ancient Babylon, Mr. Fyfe remarks that, according to the statements of the historians who accompanied Alexander the Great to that wonderful city, and who estimated its area at about 130 square miles, it must have been six times as large as London. It was, however, built upon a plan very different from that of modern European cities, which generally consist of a compact mass of streets and houses, while Babylon was, for the most part, a series of detached buildings, with numerous open spaces, including extensive gardens and even fields. Tradition asserts that corn was first grown in the ancient kingdom of Babylonia, where it is likewise said to have first formed an article of human food. The country also abounded in palms, to which tree a Persian poet has ascribed as many as 360 virtues, and amongst its other uses it seems to have supplied the Babylonians with fuel, bread, wine, honey, ropes, and fodder for their cattle.

In more recent times, the Portuguese undoubtedly held for a long period the first place among the commercial nations of the civilized world. Towards the close of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries, considerable impetus was given to the spread both of geographical discovery and commercial adventure by their maritime voyages to the coasts of Africa and South America. These were undertaken and effected almost entirely by Portugal. It was that country which first laid open to the rest of the world the new eastern route to India by explorations around the western and southern shores of Africa, which continent until the year 1415 was only known in that direction as far as Cape Non. Bartholomew Diaz, Vasco de Gama, Alvarez Cabral, and other famous navigators, distinguished themselves in these voyages. On the 20th of May, 1498, the first Portuguese settlement was made at the town of Calicut, on the coast of Malabar, by Vasco de Gama, that eminent seaman having previously doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and nearly circumnavigated the entire African coast. From this time, the Portuguese power rose gradually in the East to such a degree that it came at last into possession of a considerable portion of India, although not without undergoing several sanguinary encounters with the native chiefs and tribes. In fact, in the middle of the sixteenth century Portuguese domination appears to have had pretty much the same influence in India that British rule has there at present. The authority of the Portuguese extended over the whole coast; they almost monopolised the commerce of the East, and, even where they did not possess territory, they were respected by the native rulers. Their power and influence abroad, however, fell almost as rapidly as it rose. Its decline was brought about by various causes—such as internal factions and revolts, religious intolerance and persecutions, avarice, pride, and selfishness. England, on the other hand, although now holding the chief place among commercial nations, rose to her present position from a very small beginning; for until the latter end of the Middle Ages she is scarcely entitled to be mentioned among the mercantile States of Europe.

The reader who is interested in such matters will find in the present volume a good account of the South Sea and Mississippi Bubbles, and similar stock-jobbing schemes, and also of modern improvements in science, such as the mariner's compass, the steam-engine, the power-loom, and railways. The matter is carefully compiled and very well arranged. We have only to add that the book is tastefully and prettily brought out, and embellished with several fanciful and allegorical illustrations of trade and commerce, with their various attributes.

CAMPION COURT.*

THE Bicentenary Celebration, though now a thing of the past (two years), can hardly yet be considered to have lapsed into oblivion. In “Campion Court” Miss Worboise has essayed to present us with a picture of the times from the death of Oliver Cromwell, in September, 1658, to the passing of the Act of Uniformity in the year 1662, of the Five-mile Act, and of other statutes grievously affecting Dissenters, and including the Plague and the Great Fire of London. The period chosen is as interesting and important as any of like extent in our history; and we have no fault to find with the writer in the execution of her work, from a literary point of view. The story has a general consistency of thought and style with the epoch portrayed; the scenery is graphically depicted; and the characters are given with a moderate force suitable to the gravity and sobriety of the subject. The resignation of their preferments in the Established Church by a body of men amounting in number to nearly two thousand of more than average ability, education, piety, and social influence in various directions, and the consequences to themselves and families, viewed in relation to their personal or secular affairs in troublous times, may be even legitimately considered a matter of reflected anxiety to a reader of the present day; and much of the

* Merchant Enterprise; or, The History of Commerce from the Earliest Times. By J. Hamilton Fyfe, Author of “Triumphs of Invention and Discovery,” &c. London: Nelson & Sons.

* Champion Court; a Tale of the Days of the Ejectment, Two Hundred Years Ago. By Emma Jane Worboise. London: Virtue Brothers & Co.

feeling so experienced is unquestionably due to the large extent and simultaneousness of the movement. But the truth appears, after a calm consideration of the case, to be, that not one of the ejected had any right to hold the position he, to another's wrong, occupied. All had foisted themselves by force, or by the connivance of a usurping power, or by an incongruous patronage, into seats to which they had no claim. From the moment, indeed, that Puritanism and Presbyterianism ceased to be in the ascendant, and the Anglican Church resumed its rights and active authority throughout the land—from that moment, the two thousand must have felt they were in possession of pulpits to which they had not only no just title themselves, but were debarring others from exercising an equitable privilege; the privilege resulting from entire consent and conformity with the doctrines of the Establishment. They bore, some of them at least, their deprivation with dignity, and lost for conscience sake what they had truly but acquired by accident. But suffering in any degree for a principle is in these happy days a sure passport to the sympathy of all enlightened minds and generous hearts. The record of the trials, persecutions, and perils, which on this account the family of the worthy knight of "Campion Court" are represented by the author of this interesting volume as enduring with so much Christian virtue, will be perused, we are quite sure, by readers of any persuasion with advantage, particularly by the young; for, while avoiding the error of being formally didactic, the lessons it really conveys, both moral, social and historical, are all of the first importance.

MRS. LIRRIPER'S LEGACY.*

ONE of the pleasantest features of approaching Christmas is always to be found in the Extra Number issued by Mr. Dickens and his colleagues. For several years we have been so accustomed to these annual miscellanies, that we should be sensible of a serious blank in our Christmas associations if, by any unfortunate chance, we missed them. Mr. Dickens has thoroughly identified himself with the merry, yet tender and thoughtful, season—first by those exquisite little books in scarlet and gold, with illustrations by Leech and Doyle and Stanfield and MacIise, commencing more than twenty years ago with the "Christmas Carol," and ending with the "Haunted Man;" and afterwards by the more unpretending, but hardly less interesting, collections of tales by various writers which, for a good many years, have been published in conjunction with *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*. Our readers have probably not forgotten "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings," the Christmas Supplement of last year, with its beautiful and pathetic story of the poor girl seduced and abandoned at the said lodging,—of her attempt at suicide, from which she is saved by the kind motherly old landlady and her eccentric but genial-natured parlour lodger, Major Jackman,—of her piteous death, after giving birth to a son,—and of the bringing-up of the little boy by Mrs. Lirriper and the Major. In the present year's number we have this story continued to something like a termination. One day, Mrs. Lirriper is waited on by a gentleman from the French Consulate, who, in very bad English, informs her that an unknown Englishman, who is lying at the point of death at the town of Sens, has requested the authorities to send what is left of his property after his death to "Mrs. Lirriper, 81, Norfolk-street, Strand, London." The landlady is completely puzzled as to the identity of this mysterious person; but finally she determines to go to France in company with the Major and Jemmy, the poor motherless boy. They accordingly start, and, after spending a little while at Paris, proceed to Sens:—

"A pretty little town with a great two-towered cathedral and the rooks flying in and out of the loopholes and another tower atop of one of the towers like a sort of a stone pulpit. In which pulpit with the birds skimming below him if you'll believe me, I saw a speck while I was resting at the inn before dinner which they made signs to me was Jemmy and which really was. I had been a fancying as I sat in the balcony of the hotel that an Angel might light there and call down to the people to be good, but I little thought what Jemmy all unknown to himself was a calling down from that high place to some one in the town."

In the afternoon, Mrs. Lirriper and the Major go to see the sick and dying Englishman; but neither can recognise him in the remotest degree. On the following morning, a message comes, to the effect that he will probably rally a little before the end; so Mrs. Lirriper again goes round to the sick room, and sits reading her prayer-book till the dying man moves his hand:—

"He had been so still, that the moment he moved I knew of it, and I pulled off my spectacles and laid down my book and rose and looked at him. From moving one hand he began to move both, and then his action was the action of a person groping in the dark. Long after his eyes had opened, there was a film over them and he still felt for his way out into light. But by slow degrees his sight cleared and his hands stopped. He saw the ceiling, he saw the wall, he saw me. As his sight cleared, mine cleared too, and when at last we looked in one another's faces, I started back and I cried passionately:

"O you wicked wicked man! Your sin has found you out!"

"For I knew him, the moment life looked out of his eyes, to be Mr. Edson, Jemmy's father who had so cruelly deserted Jemmy's young unmarried mother who had died in my arms, poor tender creature, and left Jemmy to me.

"You cruel wicked man! You bad black traitor!"

"With the little strength he had, he made an attempt to turn over on his wretched face to hide it. His arm dropped out of the bed and his head with it, and there he lay before me crushed in body and in mind. Surely the miserablest sight under the summer sun!"

"O blessed Heaven! I says a crying, 'teach me what to say to this broken mortal! I am a poor sinful creature, and the Judgment is not mine.'

"As I lifted my eyes up to the clear bright sky, I saw the high tower where Jemmy had stood above the birds, seeing that very window: and the last look of that poor pretty young mother when her soul brightened and got free, seemed to shine down from it.

"O man, man, man! I says, and I went on my knees beside the bed; 'if your heart is rent asunder and you are truly penitent for what you did, Our Saviour will have mercy on you yet!'

"As I leaned my face against the bed, his feeble hand could just move itself enough to touch me. I hope the touch was penitent. It tried to hold my dress and keep hold, but the fingers were too weak to close.

"I lifted him back upon the pillows, and I says to him:

"Can you hear me?"

"He looked yes.

"Do you know me?"

"He looked yes, even yet more plainly.

"I am not here alone. The Major is with me. You recollect the Major?"

"Yes. That is to say he made out yes, in the same way as before.

"And even the Major and I are not alone. My grandson—his godson—is with us. Do you hear? My grandson."

"The fingers made another trial to catch at my sleeve, but could only creep near it and fall.

"Do you know who my grandson is?"

"Yes.

"I pitied and loved his lonely mother. When his mother lay a dying I said to her, 'My dear this baby is sent to a childless old woman.' He has been my pride and joy ever since. I love him as dearly as if he had drunk from my breast. Do you ask to see my grandson before you die?"

"Yes.

"Show me, when I leave off speaking, if you correctly understand what I say. He has been kept unacquainted with the story of his birth. He has no knowledge of it. No suspicion of it. If I bring him here to the side of this bed, he will suppose you to be a perfect stranger. It is more than I can do, to keep from him the knowledge that there is such wrong and misery in the world; but that it was ever so near him in his innocent cradle, I have kept from him, and I do keep from him, and I ever will keep from him. For his mother's sake, and for his own."

"He showed me that he distinctly understood, and the tears fell from his eyes.

"Now rest, and you shall see him."

The Major and the boy arrive, and Mrs. Lirriper, addressing the latter, says:—

"My darling boy, there is a reason in the secret history of this fellow-creature, lying as the best and worst of us must all lie one day, which I think would ease his spirit in his last hour if you would lay your cheek against his forehead and say, 'May God forgive you!'

"O Gran," says Jemmy with a full heart, 'I am not worthy!' But he leaned down and did it. Then the faltering fingers made out to catch hold of my sleeve at last, and I believe he was a trying to kiss me when he died."

The incidental stories in the number are supposed to belong to the same set as that from which last year's gathering was made. It would be a superfluous task to describe or criticise them in detail, seeing that they will probably be in the hands of all our readers. Suffice it to say that they consist of a ghastly narrative of a Parisian doctor at the close of last century, who undertook to dispose of people desirous of getting rid of their lives, and to that end furnished them with an exquisite banquet of poisoned dishes, from which they went home, and slept to wake no more—a conception in which we think we detect the grim fancy of Mr. Wilkie Collins; a very good ghost story, wherein the supposed narrator tells how he once rode in a phantom coach with certain dead men; and three love stories, the last of which is related with much feeling and tenderness, though rather unpleasant in its incidents. The number concludes with a story from Jemmy, of course written by Mr. Dickens himself, in which the young gentleman sketches a fancy history of the wretched man whose death he has witnessed, little thinking that that very man was his father. Setting aside the impossibility of a child relating such a story in such language (which it must be admitted is a glaring defect), this conclusion is remarkably striking. The boy imagines a history somewhat similar to the real circumstances—only with this difference, that he attributes to the dead man "unchanging love and truth" towards the woman he is supposed to have married against the wish of his father, and to have speedily lost by her premature death. From which good Mrs. Lirriper, talking in private to the Major, draws this moral:—"Treachery don't come natural to beaming youth; but trust and pity, love and constancy—they do, thank God!"

We cannot say we think the sequel as good as the original production out of which it has grown. Neither the humour nor the pathos is equal to what we had last year; yet we know of no other living writer who could approach even this lesser altitude. Thirty years of authorship have as yet failed to exhaust the power, the beauty, and the creativeness of Mr. Dickens's genius. It has still the freshness of youth, combined with the maturer knowledge of advancing life.

* Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy. The Extra Christmas Number of "All the Year Round," conducted by Charles Dickens. For Christmas, 1864. London: Wellington-street, &c.

THE MAGAZINES.

A GOSSIPING article, entitled "A Visit to the Cities and Camps of the Confederate States, 1863-64," inaugurates the December number of *Blackwood*. It is written by a gentleman who calls himself "A Cavalry Officer," and who says he has lately returned from America after spending nearly a year in the Confederate States, during which period he visited all the principal cities and armies in the field, and was present at Gettysburg, the bombardment of Charleston, Chancellorsville, &c. He has also, since last April, visited the Northern States and Canada. We may therefore expect some valuable information in the course of the series, of which the first part—written, we need hardly say, from a Confederate point of view—is now given to the readers of the Northern Miscellany. The set of articles on "The Public Schools Report" is concluded by an examination of the Winchester and Shrewsbury Schools, followed by some general remarks on the whole subject. Part II. of "My Latest Vacation Excursion" gives an interesting, but rather heavily written, account of the Tyrol and Bavaria. In "My Aunt's Ghost Story" we have a very good narrative, somewhat in the style of Mrs. Radcliffe, of an adventure in a gloomy old castle, in a wild and deserted region of the Ukraine—an adventure which, in the end, proves to be not supernatural, though sufficiently romantic. "Tony Butler" is continued, and the number winds up with a set of "O'Dowdories," of which the least said the better.

Fraser opens with a very grave article on Ireland, the rapid decline in the prosperity of which, since 1860, suggests to the writer the necessity of sundry reforms, such as the abolition of the Viceroyalty, the removal of a State Church opposed to the convictions of the vast majority of the people, a reorganization of the Department of Public Works, &c. "The Drama in Paris" is an amusing reflection of the present condition of the stage among our neighbours, and to some extent also among ourselves, of which condition no very exalted idea is conveyed to the mind of the reader. A review article on Victor Hugo's wild work on Shakespeare gives that production more praise than we think it deserves, though it does not fail to point out the numerous errors and absurdities with which it is disfigured. The "Campaigner" discourses of "The Scottish Royalists" of 1745, drawing some interesting memorials of them from the "Kilmarnock Papers" lent him by Lord Erroll. "A. K. H. B." furnishes one of his amusing, sensible essays, of which the subject this time is the amount of practical wisdom which a man may get out of ten years of life. Mr. Henry Ottley concludes his "Notes on Diplomacy and Diplomatic History;" Mr. Kaye's "History of the Indian Mutiny" is subjected to a careful examination; and some singular facts, illustrating the exhaustless ingenuity, and often the fantastical eccentricity, of inventors, are contained in a paper entitled "Curiosities of the Patent Office," which, in the midst of the more solid contents of the Magazine, will be found extremely entertaining and refreshing.

Macmillan, besides its stories and poems, contains four essays which will attract attention: viz., "A Letter to a Colonial Clergyman on some Recent Ecclesiastical Movements in the Diocese of Capetown and in England," from the Rev. F. D. Maurice, written with a view to showing that the Royal supremacy in ecclesiastical matters has been a blessing to the Church, to rival sects, and to the nation generally, by securing liberty of opinion, and counteracting priestly tyranny; a paper by Lord Hobart, "On 'Intervention,' Material and Moral," in which an attempt is made to define the limits within which intervention is justifiable; some reminiscences by Professor Masson of Edinburgh University, its Professors and Debating Societies, in the time of Sir William Hamilton—an article full of matter, and of entertainment too; and a review of Mr. Bryce's Arnold Prize Essay for 1863, with reference to the influence on European history and politics of the old Roman idea of Imperial power, and its reappearance in the guise of "the Holy Roman Empire." All these articles are worth reading and considering; yet we think it would be as well if a little more light and agreeable matter were introduced into the Magazine.

We must content ourselves with recording that thirty-one pages of the *Cornhill* are devoted to Mr. Wilkie Collins's "Armada," and that the narrative is brought down to the year 1851, when the little boy of the previous number has grown up into a young man; for it would be impossible to compress into a sentence or two all the subtle complexities of the author's plot, nor would the attempt be fair. "Wives and Daughters" is continued; and the miscellaneous articles, though few in number, are up to the mark. "The Bars of France and England" contains a liberal and well-informed comparison between the law and lawyers of the two countries, dealing very fairly with both. This is followed by a biographical and critical account of the celebrated Italian dramatic poet and politician, Giovanni Battista Niccolini, who died in 1861, accompanied by translated specimens of his plays. "A Convict's Views of Penal Discipline" is a very curious paper, being an extract from a manuscript forwarded to the editor by a man who has had personal experience of life in English prisons and in the penal settlements of Australia. He is evidently a man of culture and observation; and his suggestions with regard to penal reform and the creation of a convict colony are deserving of consideration. A rather short article on "Salvors"—coast seamen who are constantly on the look-out for what they can pick up from wrecks, for which the Admiralty allows them a certain proportion of the value—introduces the reader to an interesting form of sea life; and the concluding article on John Leech, illustrated by some of the artist's own sketches, a specimen of his youthful works, and the drawing for *Punch* on which he was engaged at the time of his death, is fraught with a melancholy attraction, and is written in a genial yet discriminating spirit.

A new story, under the title of "Who is the Heir?" is commenced in the *Dublin University*, and Mr. Le Fanu's powerful romance of "Uncle Silas and Maud Ruthyn" is brought to a conclusion, with a postscript by the author, in which he deprecates—and we think very rightly—the application of the disparaging epithet "sensational" to all novels in which, as in the great productions of Sir Walter Scott, tragical and exciting incidents form the framework of the narrative.

In an essay on "The Style of Balzac and Thackeray," a similarity is pointed out in the genius of those two authors. "Italy in 1864" is a review of some recent works bearing on the political, military, social, and religious state of the regenerated southern Peninsula, all of which works have already received due attention in our own columns. "Story-telling among the Gael" is a collection of old Irish legends, possessing an attraction not only for the antiquary, but for all who love the quaint and stirring narratives of old romance. "Slides of Fancy's Lantern" present two vivid pictures of ancient Greek and Roman life, in the form of imaginary conversations, after the manner of Walter Savage Landor; and the concluding article, on "The Circassians," is devoted to a carefully compiled account of that gallant and unhappy race, now being swept by the tyranny of Russia from their ancient home on the Caucasus.

Some good historical articles appear in this month's *Churchman's Family Magazine*—one on that strange race of outcasts in the Pyrenees, the Cagots; another on the Crusaders. Miss Strickland also continues her "Lives of the Seven Bishops of the Tower."

London Society, together with a vast amount of light reading, has a very agreeable article on "The Three Exchanges in the Strand," illustrated with some excellent woodcuts; and a seasonable paper on "Christmas Decorations."

It would be impossible for us to enumerate all the essays interesting to military and naval men contained in the *British Army and Navy Review*; but we may mention a very amusing article on some contemporary poems, of a satirical and bantering kind, on the Spanish Armada.

Good Words, amongst its other matter, presents its readers with a story by Anthony Trollope, and an article on a subject well worth inquiring into—"The London Jews."

We have also received the December issues of the *Sunday at Home*, *Our Own Fireside*, the *Alexandra Magazine*, the *Baptist Magazine*, and the *Young Ladies' Journal*.

SHORT NOTICES.

Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens. No. VIII. (Chapman & Hall).—In the present number we return to Silas Wegg, whose residence at the Bower affords him opportunities for prying about, his mind being haunted with the belief that under one of the gigantic dust-mounds something lies hidden, the discovery of which may prove of great advantage to himself, and bring ruin upon his benefactor, the good-natured and simple-minded Boffin, against whom he cherishes a bitter hatred, though at present he has the cunning to conceal it. Having found by personal experience that his wooden leg is not conducive to despatch in "prodding and scraping" after lost papers and jewellery buried under enormous dust-heaps, he invites Mr. Venus, of Clerkenwell, to "rum-and-water and pipes," and the interesting couple arrange terms of partnership on which to carry on the business. During their tête-à-tête, Rokesmith, the secretary, somewhat unexpectedly makes his appearance at the window of the room in which the two scamps are enjoying themselves. But he quietly gives Wegg a kind message from Mr. Boffin, and then unconcernedly leaves, without affording either of them or the reader an idea as to whether he has overheard the conversation. The origin of Wegg's ingratitude is to be traced in a great measure to his jealousy of the influence Rokesmith exercises over their common employer. Miss Wilfer has left her parents, and gone to live with Mr. and Mrs. Boffin at their large mansion "at the corner," where she enters upon all the ceremonials incident to her changed position with becoming grace, growing lovelier day by day, and causing Rokesmith many a heartache. Mr. Rokesmith is as indefinite as ever—very indefatigable in all that relates to the Golden Dustman's business, still residing with the Wilfers, never on any account meeting any of the visitors at the corner house, and more especially avoiding Lawyer Lightwood. The only thing about him that at all approaches to certainty is his love for Bella. This young lady visits her home, quarrels with her mamma and sister, and then goes into the city for her papa, with whom she "elopes" to Greenwich for the day, after having made him purchase a very superior suit of clothes, with boots, hat, and gloves to match, out of a purse which Mr. Boffin has given her. Bella is gradually being spoilt with her good fortune; but her love for her father is a redeeming feature. She tells him she is "very mercenary, and has made up her mind to marry money." It would appear from this that Mr. Secretary's chance is but slight. "Our Johnny," whom Mrs. Boffin had intended to adopt as John Harmon, is suddenly taken ill, and, when too late, admitted to the Children's Hospital to die. This gives Mr. Dickens an opportunity to describe the sick ward, which he does in words which present a picture of great power and beauty. A successor to "Our Johnny" is found in "Sloppy," who turns the mangle for old Mrs. Higden. We are glad to be able to note an improvement this month in Mr. Marcus Stone's illustrations, which exhibit more character and power.

Parable, or Divine Poesy. Illustrations in Theology and Morals: Selected from Great Divines, and Systematically Arranged. By R. A. Bertram (F. Pitman).—We have here the first part of a work which might be supposed from its title to consist of moral stories and metrical poetry, but which really contains neither. It is a selection from the doctrinal writings of eminent theologians of various ages and nations—from the early Christians, as Tertullian, Chrysostom, Augustine, and Gregory; from old English divines, as Donne, Hall, Taylor, Henry More, Tillotson, and Atterbury; and from clergymen of our own time, as Trench, Guthrie, Arnott, Beecher, and Parker. The passages are ranged under alphabetical heads, and exhibit the progress of religious thought from primitive times down to our own. If well carried out, the work will present a good condensation of Christian divinity.

The Story of the Life of George Stephenson, including a Memoir of his Son, Robert Stephenson. By Samuel Smiles (Murray).—This is a

companion volume to the "Lives of Brindley and of the Early Engineers," which we noticed in a recent impression. Both are reprints, and the book before us is an abridgment of "The Story of the Life of George Stephenson," with some additional matter, sketching the career of Robert Stephenson. The latter always took a lively interest in the improvement of Mr. Smiles's Life of his father, and was constantly communicating to the author fresh particulars, derived either from his own memory, or from the recollections of the elder Stephenson's associates and coadjutors. The present edition has all the advantage of these accumulations, and, though condensed from the original, presents a very complete account of the career and achievements of two of the greatest of our modern engineers. The facts embodied in the account of George Stephenson's inventions prepared by the son, and printed by Mr. Smiles in the Appendix to the "Lives of the Engineers," are embodied in the text of the volume now issued by Mr. Murray; some beautiful woodcuts adorn its pages and illustrate its descriptions; and the book is altogether a model of what such a work in its more popular form should be.

A Comprehensive Dictionary of English Synonyms. By William Carpenter. Sixth Edition, revised and enlarged by the Rev. W. Webster, M.A., King's College, London; late Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge (Tegg).—Even practised writers occasionally feel the want of a synonym; pupil teachers, and scholars transposing poetry into prose, are often brought to a standstill for a time by the same necessity; and foreigners are frequently embarrassed in the expression of their ideas by the lack of a sufficient choice of words. To all such, Mr. Webster's new and augmented edition of Carpenter's Synonymical Dictionary will be very useful. Its value to many also will be enhanced by the copious list of words, phrases, and quotations, from the Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish languages, printed at the end.

The Child's Commentator on the Holy Scriptures, by Ingram Cobbin, M.A. (Jackson, Walford, & Hodder).—*The Children's Prize*, edited by J. Erskine Clarke, M.A. (Macintosh).—*Stories of Old Bible Narratives for Young Children*, by Caroline Hadley (Smith, Elder, & Co.).—and *Stories of the Apostles, their Lives and Writings*, by the Same (Same Publishers).—are works which recommend themselves to the rising generation, their parents and preceptors.

We have received copies of the illustrated editions of *Cranford*, by Mrs. Gaskell, and of *Domestic Stories*, by the Author of "John Halifax" (Smith, Elder, & Co.);—Part I. of Cassell's Illustrated *Don Quixote and Gulliver*;—Parts I. and II. of *The Illustrated London Novelist*, containing Mrs. Radcliffe's "Italian," and the commencement of Godwin's "Things as they are," coarsely printed, and illustrated with praiseworthy badness (Harrison);—a new edition of *Number One, or the Way of the World*, by Frank Foster (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.);—and two vols of *Bell's English Poets*—"Butler," and "Songs of the Dramatists" (Griffin & Co.).

LITERARY GOSSIP.

It is now some few years since the people of London were startled one morning with certain strange and apparently unmeaning announcements on the street-boardings. They appeared to have come in the night, but nobody could explain who put them there or to what they referred. Very soon, however, the same announcements were to be met with in the advertising columns of the daily newspapers, and then people learnt that the words which had so puzzled them were simply the title of Mr. Dickens's Christmas story, or batch of stories. The first year, the scheme was a great success; the second brought two imitators; the third half-a-dozen; and now there are so many announcements of the kind that it is very doubtful if they pay their projectors. During the past month, most persons will have noticed, immediately above the bill announcing "Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy," another placard—"Are you invited?" At the time, we thought—with many others—that this referred to Mr. Dickens's batch of Christmas stories, made known this year by two bills instead of one, as formerly; but we were mistaken. The top bill refers to Messrs. Cassell's new Christmas story, and their bill-sticker appears to have followed Mr. Dickens's poster in his rounds. If a place at the top of Mr. Dickens's poster is worth so much, the sides and underneath must have a value; and we suppose next year there will be a "scramble for a place," as the betting-people say, and Mr. Dickens's announcement will form a centre, the names of rival stories radiating in every direction as a pleasing garniture.

The marvellously cheap edition of Shakespeare, a reprint of the recent Cambridge edition, has been "subscribed" to the London trade during the week by the Messrs. Macmillan. The trade generally expect a large sale, as the following numbers will show:—Messrs. Longman & Co., 1,025; Simpkin & Marshall, 1,250; Whittaker & Co., 350; Hamilton & Co., 1,000; Kent & Co., 750. Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, the great railway stall-keepers, put their names down for 1,500 copies; and several retail dealers at the West End take from 100 to 200 copies each. The price is 3s. 6d., and the type, binding, and paper, are such as publishers usually give to works issued at the highest prices.

A novel idea is spoken of in Paris. It is no other than the placing along the Boulevards, all the way from the Barrière du Trône to the Barrière de l'Etoile, a row of bronze statues of the celebrities of French history, from the earliest times to the present day, so that, as the projector says, "he who runs may read." In Philadelphia, the different streets running parallel with the river Delaware are named after the trees which formerly grew at the edge of the foot-path. The French idea, however, can be carried out where trees would be impracticable. The building, perhaps, which at present attracts the greatest number of gazers in London, is the Grosvenor Hotel, in Piccadilly. The façade of this magnificent erection is studded with the carved heads of modern celebrities, and it is not an unusual thing for visitors to complain of the costermongers and others who linger out-

side, and regard Sir Colin Campbell, Prince Albert, and other notables, with a fixed stare, that to timorous insiders is supposed to be directed, for no very thoughtless purpose, to the windows.

A few weeks since, we directed attention to the Spurgeon pamphlet literature, which has been called forth by the publication of that gentleman's sermon on Baptismal Regeneration. From a religious newspaper we now learn that the sermon in question reached a sale of 100,000 copies in four or five weeks after it was issued. "The demand continued, and was immensely augmented by the numerous pamphlets which appeared almost daily, either in opposition to or in defence of the original sermon. These pamphlets, varying in price from one shilling each to one penny, now number more than four-score." Amongst the authors of the replies are deans, rectors, vicars, incumbents, curates, and ministers of the Established Church, and an almost endless variety of other persons of humble position on both sides. The titles alone are curiosities in the way of opinion savagely expressed:—"Mr. Spurgeon done for!" exclaims one rejoicing disputant on his title-page. The journal alluded to has compiled a complete list of these pamphlets, giving the authors' names, the publishers' names, and the price of each. This bibliographical effort is a curiosity, and an entire set of the pamphlets is of considerable value, as some of them are becoming scarce already, whilst the original sermon, it is said, has reached a sale of 180,000 copies!

Two new poems will be included in the eight monthly parts of selections shortly to be published from Mr. Tennyson's works. One will be entitled "The Captain," the other "To a Mourner." Some public advertisements will be admitted at the end—an arrangement which we cannot regard as appropriate in the works of our Laureate. It is said that Byron could not endure the sight of a beautiful woman partaking of the ordinary beef and potatoes of every-day life. She should exist on Frangipani, the odour of flowers, and books of poetry. We do not know what sort of advertisements the new volume will contain; but Thorley's Food for Cattle, or Mr. Twelvvetrees' Washing-powder, will certainly recall the most romantic readers to a full sense of earth and earthly ways.

News confirming the statement of Jules Gérard's death has reached Paris. At the last sitting of the Paris Geographical Society, M. Malte-Brun read a letter he had received from M. Braouezec, French Consul at Sierra Leone, which confirms the account of the death of the lion-killer, who was drowned in attempting to cross the river Joub. Amongst school-boys, this great hunter enjoyed a literary reputation only second to Mayne Reid and Marryat.

A few copies of Mr. Thomas Wright's very interesting lecture "On the Early History of Leeds, and on some Questions of Præhistoric Archaeology agitated at the Present Time," have just been privately printed. The subject of this discourse possesses such wide interest, now that pre-Adamite explorations with all sorts of wild theories are being promoted, both here and on the Continent, that it is to be regretted our distinguished antiquary has circumscribed its circulation. The most curious facts brought forward are those which account for the presence of stone implements and bones belonging to extinct animals in the same cave, or found together in the same excavation. Mr. Wright is a disbeliever in the modern reputed antiquity of man—an antiquity placing him far back before the Mosaic period. He considers that a proper light thrown upon history very much nearer our own time fully explains what has been termed "The Stone Period," "The Bronze Period," and "The Iron Period."

There has just been published in Paris a bibliographical history of the Society of Jesus, and a catalogue of works relating to the history of the Jesuits, from their origin to the present time. The author is P. Auguste Crayon.

The first and second volumes of the "Histoire Diplomatique des Conclaves," by M. Petrucelli della Gattina, an accomplished member of the Italian Parliament, has just been published in Paris. A correspondent says the book is to be a history of the Papacy, compiled from such documentary sources as are to be found in the collections of State papers of the different European countries. It is said that M. Petrucelli has been a very diligent collector of materials, and has left no source of authentic information unexplored. The author is at present Turin correspondent of one of the leading Paris journals, and many here will remember that for some years he acted in the same capacity for a London daily paper.

Last week, M. Jules Simon published in Paris a work on the state of public instruction in France as compared with England, the different States of Germany, and Switzerland. The work discloses a curious state of things. For instance, in the departments lying under the Pyrenees, it is no uncommon thing for the schoolmaster to act as beadle, sacristan, bell-ringer, and grave-digger, increasing his income by such exercises as tailoring or mending shoes. By the performance of these various duties, the poor man may manage to obtain an income of £8 per annum; but then he has to pay for the washing of the altar linen, and for the brushes he uses in cleaning the church. Truly, life in Paris is one thing, and existence in the French provinces is another.

A marble bust of the author of "Vanity Fair" will shortly be placed close behind the effigy of Joseph Addison in Westminster Abbey. Baron Marochetti, an old friend of the Thackeray family, has undertaken the bust.

The sporting tastes of our friends across the Channel, which we alluded to a few weeks ago in connection with a boxing-match at Calais, appear to be no passing whim or temporary fashion. A *Bell's Life* is about to be started in Paris under the title of *Le Jockey*. At first, and until the experiment of such a paper has been tried, it will devote a considerable space to literary and artistic news.

Miss Braddon, having just concluded "The Doctor's Wife," is about to commence a new romance, to be entitled "Sir Jasper's Tenant," in the January number of *Temple Bar*. "Only a Clod" is still going on in the *St. James's Magazine*.

Very recently, a notice has been posted in the reading-room of the British Museum, intimating that a refreshment-room had been provided, under certain regulations, for the exclusive use of readers and

students. This concession will, doubtless, be appreciated by many who have for a length of time suffered great inconvenience by being compelled to rise from their studies, and leave the institution to obtain refreshments.

Mr. BEETON is about to start another weekly magazine, the *Young Englishwoman*. The first number will be published in time for Christmas reading.

We are requested by Messrs. RIVINGTONS to point out a slight error in the title of their new Magazine, a notice of which appeared in our "Literary Gossip" of last week. The title has been changed from the *Englishman* to the *Englishman's Magazine*, but it has never been called the *English Gentleman's Magazine*.

A French Bible has just been brought out by HACHETTE & Co., of Paris, called "Bible Populaire Illustrée." The editor, L'Abbé Drioux, has received the congratulations of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Bordeaux, and the Bishops of Arras, Langres, and Sainte-Claude.

MM. LACROIX & VERBEKOVEN, the publishers of "Les Misérables," intend to try and popularize the Spanish classics in France. M. Charles Yriarte, the author of "Célébrités de la Rue" and "Les Cercles de Paris," is entrusted with this undertaking. The first of these works has just been published—"La Dame de Nuit" of Fernandez y Gonzales.

"Londres pour ceux qui n'y vont pas" is the title of an interesting work just written by M. Antonin Rondelet, Professor of Philosophy at the Faculté des Lettres, describing his journey to London in 1862.

"La Croisade Novie," which has met with such well-merited success in the *feuilleton* of the *Siècle*, has just appeared as a volume at the house of M. FAURE.

"La Belle Corisande et les Amours du Béarnais," by M. Capefigue, has just appeared. It treats of the chivalrous side of the character of Henri IV.

M. X. Marmier has just published a new romance at the house of HACHETTE & Co., which is said to be of a moral tendency, called "Les Mémoires d'un Orphelin."

MM. Faure-Bournat and Alphonse Lemonnier have been fined for the publication of a work called "Femmes du Théâtre," which was alleged to be an outrage on *la morale publique et aux bonnes mœurs*.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- A good Jack makes a good Gill. Feap., 1s.
 Abbott (A.), Book for Training Children. 2nd edit. Feap., 2s. 6d.
 Alison (Sir A.), History of Europe, 1815 to 1852. People's Edition. Vol. V. Cr. Svo., 4s.
 Allnutt (Mrs. R.), The Day Star Prophet. Svo., 5s.
 Bas (Le Plus), Woman's Rights and Woman's Wrongs. Feap., 1s. 6d.
 Baldwin (J. L.), Laws of Short Whist. New edit. Feap., 3s. 6d.
 Banking Almanack (The) for 1865. Svo., 5s.
 Bell & Dady's Elzevir Series. Irving's Sketch Book. Feap. 5s.
 Belforest, a Tale. 2 vols. Cr. Svo., 21s.
 Binney (Thos.), Money. Cr. Svo., 5s.
 Bohn's Historical Library.—Strickland's (Agnes) Queens of England. Vol. II. Cr. Svo., 5s.
 Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Illustrations to, by F. J. Shields. 4to., 10s. 6d.
 Burran (T. H.), Tales of Filial Love. Imperial Svo., 3s. 6d.
 Challice (Mrs.) French Authors at Home. 2 vols. Cr. Svo., 21s.
 Children's Prize (The) Vol. for 1864. Svo., 2s.
 Child's Own Book of Scripture Pictures. New Testament. 4to., 3s. 6d.
 Clarke (C.), A Box for the Season. New edit. Cr. Svo., 5s.
 Cobbe (F. P.), Broken Lights. 2nd edit. Cr. Svo., 5s.
 Conder (G. W.), Words of Wisdom for Sons of Toil. 32mo., 10s. 6d.
 Collins (C. J.), Singed Moths. 3 vols. Cr. Svo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Crowdy (J.), The Church Choir Master. Feap., 3s.
 Cumming (Rev. J.), Christ, the Alpha and Omega of the Word of God. Feap., 5s.
 — Urgent Questions. New edit. 18mo., 2s. 6d.
 Do You Give it Up? 2nd edit. Feap., 1s.
 From Advent to Advent, 1865. Svo., 3s.
 Gatty (Mrs.), Parables from Nature. Illustrated edit. 3rd and 4th series in 1 vol. Svo., 10s. 6d.
 Goldsmith's Traveller, with Notes by W. McLeod. 12mo., 1s. 6d.
 Herbert's Poetical Works. Illustrated. New edit. 4to., 12s.
 History of a Voyage to the Moon. Feap., 5s.
 Holden (Rev. H. A.), Foliorum Centuria. 3rd edit. Cr. Svo., 8s.
 Hood (Thos.), Vere Vereker's Vengeance. Feap., 1s. 6d.
 Hunter (H. E.), The Gold Mine and other Poems. Cr. Svo., 7s.
 Hurst (J. T.), Formulae for Architectural Surveyors. 32mo., 5s.
 James (G. P. R.), Margaret Graham. Feap., 1s.
 Landels (Rev. W.), Lessons for Maidens, Wives, and Mothers. Feap., 5s.
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